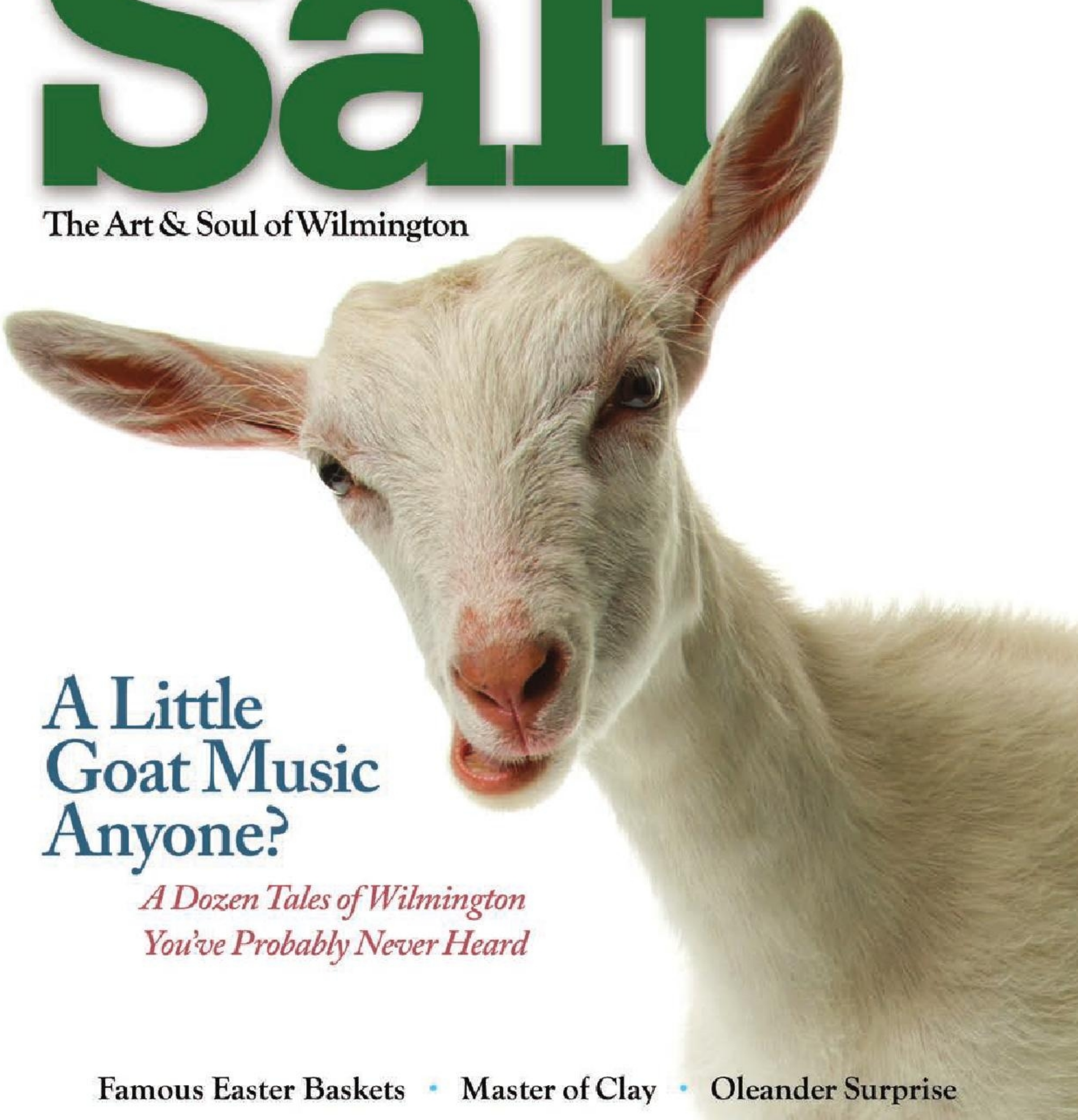
March 2016

Salt

The Art & Soul of Wilmington



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7921 Bonaventure Drive · Marsh Oaks

This quality brick home by Tony Ivey includes 5 bedrooms, 4 baths and an open floor plan with community pool, clubhouse and tennis courts. Includes hardwood floors, crown molding, built-in book shelves, garage with storage/fitness area above, granite kitchen, subway tile shower, screened porch with large open deck and expansive back yard overlooking conservation area. **$529,000**

2202 S. Canterbury Road · Oleander Estates

Perfectly located on a half acre lot, this painted brick home offers charm, flow and a great outdoor area. From vaulted ceilings in the den to the updated kitchen with a fireplace and bar area to the new master suite, this residence feels cozy with great built-ins and spacious rooms. Updates include new roof, HVAC unit, water heater, and exterior paint. **$649,000**

2510 N. Lumina Avenue · Wrightsville Dunes

Parking under the building offers this first floor condo great ocean and dune views. Front bedroom has beautiful marsh/water views. Uncrowded beaches on the north end due to lack of public access parking. Oceanfront pool with bathrooms and showers. New hardwood floors throughout and new stainless steel appliances. **$689,000**

8117 Bald Eagle Lane · Porters Neck

Located on a salt water, tidal tributary, this home features a private pier! Across the marsh of Little Creek, is Wilmington's most exclusive private golf course, Eagle Point Club. This 5 bedroom, 3 bath home was originally constructed as a log cabin; the charm and solid construction are still evident in the charming family room with vaulted ceiling. **$695,000**

2013 Scrimshaw Place · Landfall

This custom brick home sits on a .69 acre golf lot on Nicklaus Marsh #9. It features attention to detail throughout with extensive moldings, travertine marble floors and vaulted/coffered ceilings. The interior includes a 2 story foyer and great room, a vaulted ceiling in the family room and coffered ceiling in the study/home office with a murphy bed and full bath. **$1,149,000**

1837 S. Moorings Drive · Landfall

Overlooking Landfall's Nicklaus golf course, this 2 year old 3100 sq. ft. D. Logan built home features 4 bedrooms and 3.5 baths. It has an open floor plan with add-ons, includes a screened porch with sliding doors on 2 sides and access from the master suite. Tall 1st floor ceilings and accent lighting. **$749,000**

1427 Pembroke Jones Drive · Landfall

This low country design offers marble foyer, vaulted sunken living room, new kitchen and sunroom with new bath and 2 walk-in closets. 4 bedrooms and 3 baths upstairs and an "in-law suite" with private kitchen/living area. Lot behind the house offered for sale with this home for $1,069,000. **$769,000**

8901 Saint Ives Place · Porters Neck

Southern exposure overlooking beautiful Lake Nona and the Tom Fazio designed Porters Neck golf course. This stately brick home built by Dan Kent features a front court with a 4 car garage. Vaulted ceilings and floor to ceiling glass welcome golf and water views from nearly every room. **$799,000**

95 S. Lumina Avenue #7B · Duneridge Estates

No need to do a thing! This 7th floor B unit offers the best floor plan in the building with total privacy - nothing but ocean views from your living area and master bedroom. Dream about moving into this favored location where everything is convenient and there is full time security. **$997,700**

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A Walk in the Woods

Exploring an ancient battleground and the beautiful, snowy landscape of memory

By Jim Dodson

By the time we reached the empty parking lot, the snow was really coming down, coating the forest in a mantle of white.

It was just after dawn and my wife was away for the weekend. On a Sabbath lark, the dogs and I had come for an early walk in the woods of the battleground. The snow — the first of a hither to snowless winter — was a genuine surprise, a lovely bonus.

I knew these ancient pathways well, or did once upon a time, because I roamed the park's bridle paths and historic killing fields as a boy on foot or on my bicycle. I was probably more at ease in the woods than anywhere else, speaking the language of old trees and hidden creeks, judging them to be magical places inhabited by watchful spirits and kindly revenants, my own imagination running free and wild. I suppose this may have been the product of a fairly solitary childhood fueled by my father's newspaper odyssey across the deep South and the classic adventure books I was drawn to from the moment I learned to read. Old forests always hold secrets and are fertile ground for the young hero's transformation.

Snow is also magical, especially here in the middle South where it is so blessedly rare, principally because it mutes the affairs of the world and draws most things to a respectful halt, often shifting one's perspectives inward.

As a kid roaming on a bike in the 1960s, I remember snowfalls that shut down Greensboro and other parts of the state for days, even weeks at a time. Once, anticipating just such a storm, Mrs. Mills, my sixth-grade teacher, asked us to memorize a snow poem. I chose Longfellow's "Snow-flakes" and can still summon a few key stanzas by heart:

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow

In a way, she cleverly set me up for good old Elizabeth Smith in my junior year of high school, who gave me a surprising gift after I shocked my buddies by winning a city writing contest: The collected works of Robert Frost, America's snowy laureate, which only fueled my fascination with the winter landscape, paths diverging in bare or yellowing wood and choices that make all the difference.

Truthfully, even before I fully realized this fact, snowy woods have always been a comfort and cure for whatever is ailing me, unquestionably one reason I happily resided on a forested hilltop near the coast of Maine for nearly two decades. That place still shows up in my winter dreams.

As the dogs excitedly dragged me past General Greene on his white-caped steed deeper into the ancient hardwoods, I thought it might simply be the strange winter weather — or telltale absence of it — that had me seeking the cold comfort of a Sunday walk in the woods. The balmy holiday season just past was more fitting for Key West than old Catawba, alarming in its long-range forecast, confirming 2015 to be the warmest year on record, a planet growing hotter and more socially volatile every year, altering everything from the lives of indigenous plants to the migrations of birds and nations, many with disastrous consequences.

On a happier note this winter morn, I gave myself the task of seeing if I could find the "screaming brothers," as I once called a trio of remarkable old trees in a row — hickories, I believe — that presented large oval mouths (home to critters) beneath bulging "eye" knots and bare outstretched limbs that made them look like terrified soldiers fleeing the battlefield. They stood, I vaguely recalled, somewhere off a footpath near an open meadow where hundreds of Colonials and British soldiers died and twice their number were wounded in less than ninety minutes of action one cold mid-March afternoon.

In the news this morning 235 years later, I learned that English actor Alan Rickman and rock legend David Bowie had died within hours of each other, both gents in their 60s. Rickman was one of my favorite actors long before he brought the mysterious potion master Severus Snape to life in the *Harry Potter* canon, and though I wasn't the biggest fan of David Bowie's music, it was touching to hear him say in a recent radio interview that he didn't fear dying anymore — just grieved that there was less time to do things he'd learned were really important, to see those around him come to flower.

As the dogs joyously sniffed fallen logs and yanked me along, I realized something along the same lines was weighing on my wintery thoughts.

In our close, blended family, only one of our four children remains an actual teenager, and not for very long; my two are now young adults in their mid-20s, living and working in New York City. My wife's two are finishing

college in Boston and New Jersey. They all have their own demanding lives and loves and don't really appear to need my wife and me the way they did just five minutes ago. The good news is they each seem prepared and confident to venture over the horizon and make a contribution to a world growing more complex and warmer by the year, a comfort that their moms and I did our jobs pretty well. The bad news is, I'm just not sure I'm prepared to let them all go so soon, to depart from Daddyland.

"Children are our crop, our fields, our earth," wrote the late James Salter in his exquisite novel, *Light Years*. "They are birds let loose into darkness. They are errors renewed. Still, they are the only source from which may be drawn a life more successful, more knowing than our own. Somehow they will do one thing, take one step further, they will see the summit. We believe in it, the radiance that streams from the future, from days we will not see. Children must live, must triumph. Children must die; that is an idea we cannot accept."

Trying to let your grown children go, once and for all, birds into darkness, is a task made more challenging by an age that's moving at dizzying speed. Social scientists point out that there's been more change in the half century since I found the Screaming Brothers in a revolutionary forest than at any time in human history, a truth as inspiring as it is terrifying. We stand on the cusp of breathtaking cures, they point out, unimagined discoveries, and technological mega-wonders. Yet we live in a world where polar ice caps are melting faster than they are forming and medieval savageries are reducing the symbols of Western civilization to dust.

For me and my kind who are passing from the Earth, it feels a little like losing your way in a beautiful snowy woodland without thinking much of where you are headed.

That's when I realized I might be lost, if that's the right word for it.

The woods were lovely, dark and deep — and I was panting like a panicked sheep, to woefully paraphrase Frost. Suddenly on my mind were two colleagues who'd recently suffered heart attacks. The one who failed to make it was also walking his dogs, a gentle giant in his early 40s; the other was a friend and editor just ten years my junior. If I keeled over right then and there, it occurred to me, the snow would lightly cover me up and Mulligan, my beloved alpha female, I was fairly sure, would wait loyally by my side. Would Ajax, my wife's young and ridiculously spoiled Golden Retriever, do the same? If one croaks in an ancient wood, does anyone but God or your dogs bother to notice? For the record, my companions didn't appear the least bit concerned about this possibility.

Through a curtain of snow, I saw what The Mull was so intent upon. A familiar obelisk stood in the clearing yonder and a family of deer, what appeared to be a doe and two yearlings in search of breakfast, were guardedly watching us as they moved toward safety in the far woodland.

A few moments later, as we were moving on down the path and across the stream and up the hill, the Screaming Brothers suddenly appeared, only there are just two now and they didn't look nearly so alarmed, more like old men yawning.

It took us only a little while to get back to the car.

By that time, others were arriving with their dogs and the snow was easing up.

A woman dressed for the Iditarod was being pulled along by her twin black Labs, making for the bridle path we'd just left.

As our dogs swapped vital information about their owners, she remarked with a big Sunday smile that snow made her feel like a kid again. I told I her I knew exactly what she meant.

Contact editor Jim Dodson at jim@saltmagazinenc.com.

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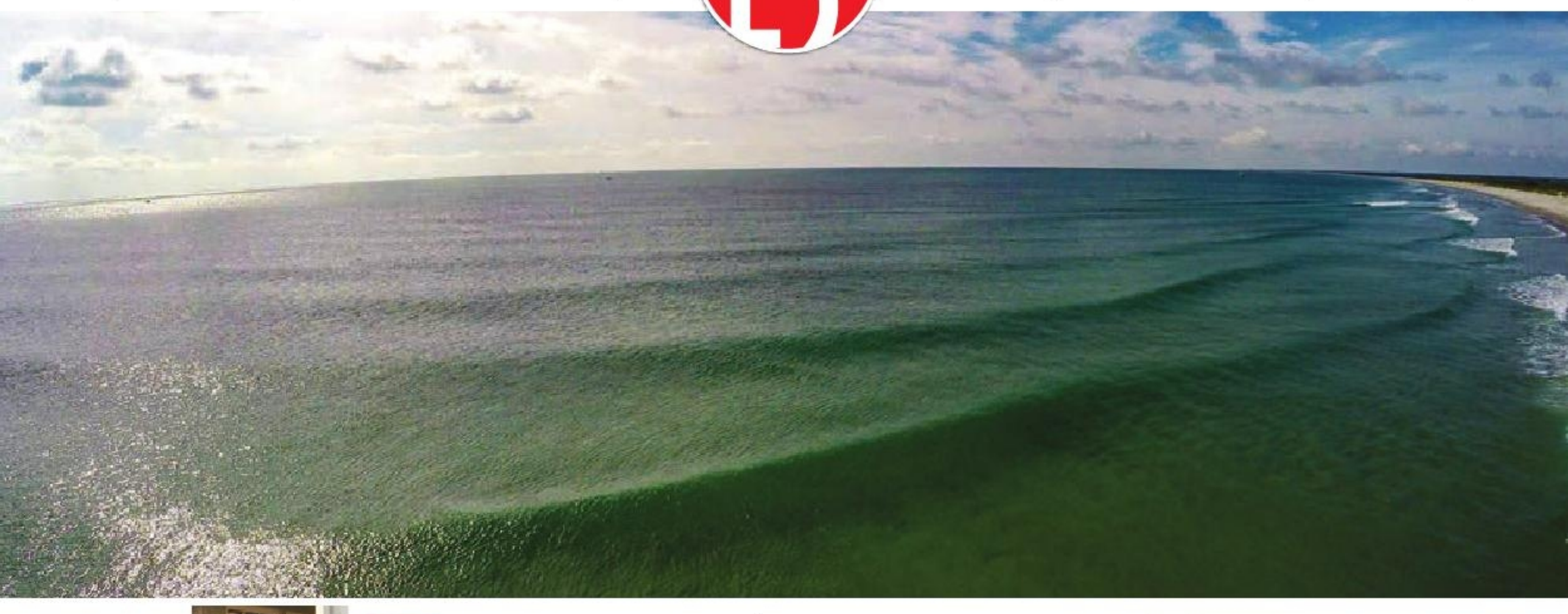

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SaltWorks

Pipe Dreams

Controversial classical musician Cameron Carpenter's approach to the organ is obliterating stereotypes of organists and organ music. For one, he dresses like a high-fashion rock star. And when you hear the dramatic liberties he takes with pieces by canonized composers (Chopin, for example) on his digital touring organ, you'll understand. At age 11, Carpenter performed Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* before joining the American Boychoir School as a boy soprano. During his high school studies at The North Carolina School of the Arts, he transcribed more than one hundred major works for the pipe organ, including Gustav Mahler's complete *Symphony No. 5*. He received a Master's Degree from The Juilliard School in New York in 2006 and has been "enraging purists" ever since. Experience this edgy virtuoso composer-performer and his pipes live on Wednesday, March 23, 7:30 p.m. Admission: $22–40. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

Shining Star

Yet again, CFCC Humanities & Fine Arts Center is jam-packed with delicious variety this month: electric contemporary dance, story ballet, Ireland's most successful crossover artists, and a Beatles tribute band backed by the Wilmington Symphony Orchestra. It gets better. On Friday, March 18, 7:30 p.m., Grammy-nominated singer/songwriter and *New York Times* bestselling author and poet Jewel will perform and share the stories behind some of her favorite and most personal songs spanning twelve studio albums. Described by *Rolling Stone* as "one of the most richly idiomatic pop singers of her generation," Jewel has sold over 27 million albums to date and earned praise from fellow songwriters such as Loretta Lynn and Neil Young. You won't want to miss this intimate show. Tickets: $40–75. CFCC Humanities & Fine Arts Center, 703 North Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

She's Back, Folks

The Spring Soirée, formerly known as the Pre-Festival Party, is an annual event to kick-off the North Carolina Azalea Festival. Friday, March 18, from 7:30 p.m. until midnight, the "Luck of the Festival" soirée includes live party music by Jack Jack 180 and Machine Gun, beer, wine and appetizers, and giveaways. Let the madness begin. Tickets: $42. Hilton Wilmington Riverside, 301 North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: www.ncazaleafestival.org/events/prefestival-party.

Merry-go-round

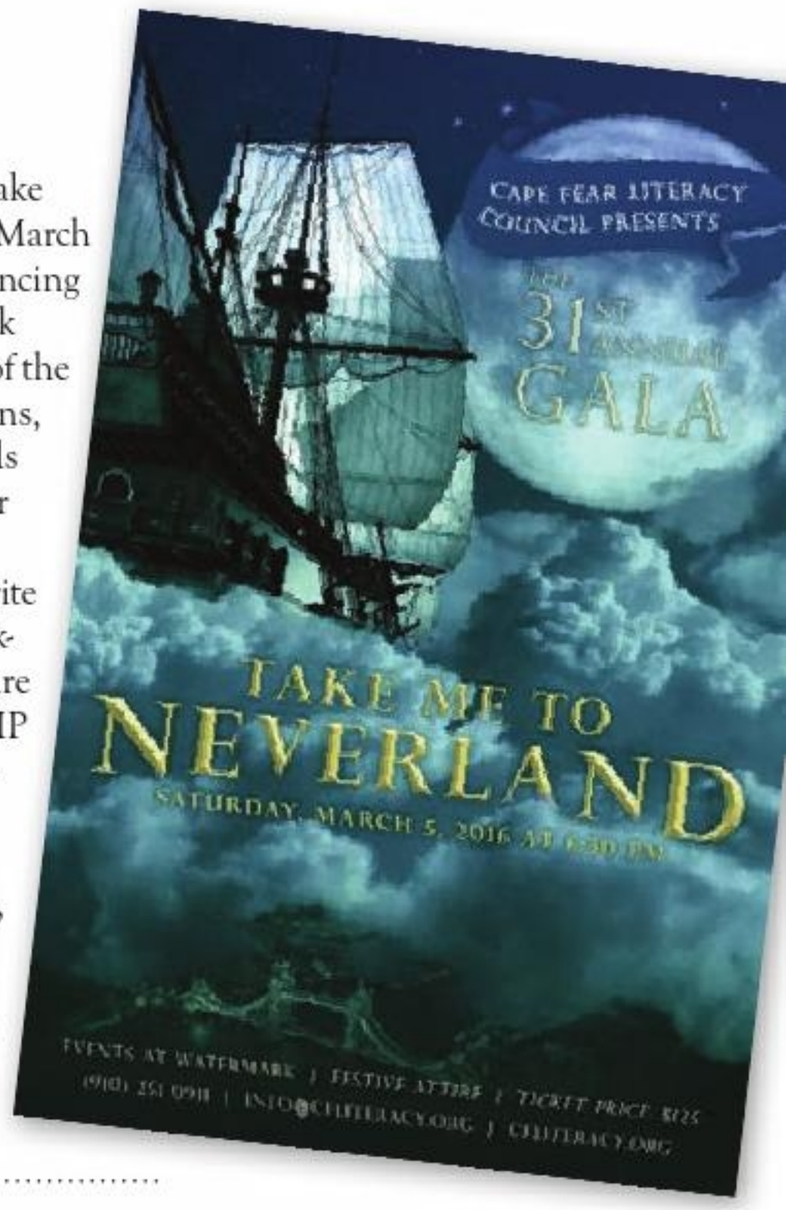
Don't miss Opera House Theatre Company's take on Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Carousel* on Friday, March 4, through Sunday, March 6. Set in a tight-knit fishing community in New England, this powerful musical revolves around the ill-fated love affair between the swaggering and carefree carnival barker Billy Bigelow and a naive mill worker named Julie Jordan. Pregnant with recklessness, regret and redemption, the magic of this play hinges on forgiveness and belief in the human spirit. Showtime: 8 p.m. (Friday & Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday). Tickets: $34. Thalian Hall, Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

Brilliant Vessels

Friday, March 11, from 11 a.m. – 1:30 p.m., y'all come for a spread of savory soups and breads and a feast of hand-crafted bowls created and contributed by area potters. Empty Bowls is a bi-annual luncheon to benefit Good Shepherd Center and Mother Hubbard's Cupboard, local nonprofit organizations dedicated to providing meals and groceries to area residents in need. Guests go home with full bellies, warm hearts and you-pick-it, one-of-a-kind wares. Tickets: $20. First Baptist Center, 1939 Independence Boulevard, Wilmington. Info: (910) 231-3588 or www.facebook.com/empty-bowls.wilmington.

Faith, Trust & Pixie Dust

The Cape Fear Literacy Council's "Take Me to Neverland" gala on Saturday, March 5, 6:30 p.m., is the stuff of magic. Dancing under the stars with live music by Jack Jack 180, creative cuisine by Middle of the Island Caterers, live and silent auctions, and beer, wine and signature cocktails – all to help make literacy a reality for hundreds of adults in the Cape Fear Region this year. Arrive as your favorite Neverland character or in festive cocktail party attire. All-inclusive tickets are $125. For a $25 upgrade, Lost Boy VIP ticket-holders can access the Poolside Gala Private Lounge, featuring the UNC-Duke game on the big-screen, a private bar with signature cocktails, cigar sampling bar, and cornhole courts. Events at Watermark, 4114 River Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-0911 or cfliteracy.org.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Upscale, Reimagined

Cape Fear Habitat for Humanity and Alpha Mortgage Corporation present the third annual Upscale Resale & Design Challenge on Friday, March 11, and Saturday, March 12. Event features finished 10 x 10 vignettes created by area interior design teams using furniture, rugs, lighting, artwork and curios found at local Habitat ReStores – nothing more. All items (repurposed, refinished, reupholstered and reused) available for purchase; proceeds benefit Cape Fear Habitat. Tickets to the VIP Preview Party and Sale (Friday from 6–9 p.m.) are $40 in advance; $45 at the door. Tickets to the General Public Sale (Saturday from 10 a.m. – 3 p.m.) are $5 and include DIY demos. CFCC Schwartz Center, 601 North Front Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-4744 or www.capefearhabitat.org/upscale-resale.

Pinch Yourself

On Saint Patrick's Day, trust the T-shirts: Everyone is Irish. This year, while our river may not flow green, rest assured our streets will. Rain or shine, the Cape Fear River Downtown Business Alliance and Cool Wilmington present Guinness' St. Patrick's Day Festival & Parade on Saturday, March 12. Parade starts at Red Cross and North Front at 11 a.m. (views from Front, Dock and North Second, plus grandstand at North Front and Princess), followed by a festival at Riverfront Park from noon until 6 p.m. Celebration features live music by Blarney Brogues and Striking Copper, dancing by the Walsh Kelley School of Irish Dance, and food and beverages available for purchase. Be there or be pinched. Info: wilmingtonstpatricksdayfestival.com.

The Art of Antiquing

At CAM, where the original 1858 painted curtain from Thalian Hall Center for the Performing Arts and a collection of emotionally-charged sculptures by rising artist Dustin Farnsworth are now on display, check out the Art & Antiques Show & Sale on Friday, March 3, through Sunday, March 6. Vendors from seven states offer a variety of American and European art, furniture, and decorative items from Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries, plus estate jewelry, silver, paintings, antique clocks, rugs, period furniture, and more. Admission, $10, good for all three days. Friday and Saturday, from 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.; Sunday, 11 a.m. – 4 p.m. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronart-museum.org.

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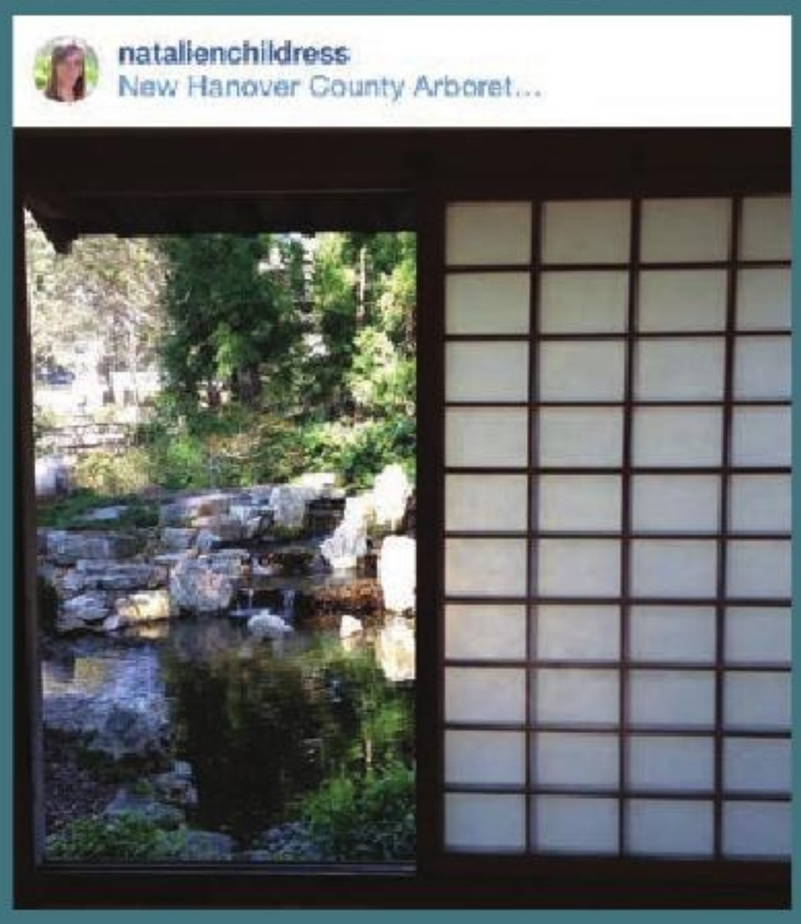

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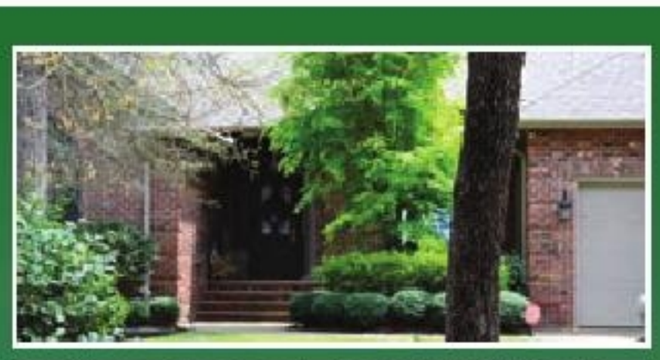

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Great Blue Messenger

In Nature's abundant silence comes the wisdom of a heron

By Ashley Wahl

One brisk winter morning, Earth stirring with unseen critters, a silhouette in pastel twilight stopped me cold.

Balanced on the wall of the concrete dam was a statuesque figure with a serpentine neck and legs like circus stilts — a creature so majestic he might have been imagined.

This wasn't my first encounter with the resident heron of Burnt Mill Creek. By now he felt like an old friend. But glimpsing his form in the first blush of light seemed somehow different — more magical. Although his blue-gray plumes had yet to be illuminated, his brilliance transcended the shadow. A reminder that beauty exists in darkness, too.

**

Last year, inspired by a number of chance encounters and the curious animal behavior that I seemed to witness almost daily, I started a "Birds and Other Messengers" journal to take a closer look at who was showing up in my life and what I might learn from them.

Among the "messengers" to repeatedly cross my path is the great blue heron, a dagger-beaked wader so magnificent in his grace and stillness that spotting one feels like peering through the window of a sacred temple. Upward of three, sometimes four feet tall, great blues are masters of meditation. Watch one wade in the shallows and experience a deep, instant sense of calm. The mind becomes still as water; awareness sharp as the heron's eye.

For me, it's impossible to think about worldly troubles in the presence of these regal wonders. I see one and become its mirror.

**

While running the cross-city trail past Burnt Mill Creek, it isn't unusual for me to see a great blue poised among sunning turtles or roosted in a distant tree. But New Year's Day, 2015, one lighted on the railing of the trail's footbridge the moment my foot touched the first wooden plank:

He lifted before I got too close, but as we shared the bridge and timeless silence, I felt a deep sense of kinship and gratitude.

It was most peculiar. I'd probably crossed that bridge over one hundred times and had never experienced such a dramatic, bewitching encounter.

Off he flew, right across my path. It felt like a good omen.

**

As a totem animal, the heron is said to teach balance, patience and the ability to stand alone, its blue-gray feathers representing peace, intuition and connection to the air. Likewise, the heron illustrates how to find footing on ever-changing sands, gracefully navigating through the "deep waters of the subconscious."

Having seen great blues chase great egrets and equally stunning waders from favorite fishing spots, I have witnessed their aggression, too. But most lessons are gentle.

**

Home from work one summer evening, I felt a sudden impulse to walk to what I've taken to calling the heron pond. I thought for sure I'd find him, resting in monastic silence, elegant plumes gently stirring like the beard of a mighty wizard.

But the heron wasn't there.

After frantically scanning the perimeter of the pond in vain, something clicked:

The beauty of animal messengers is that you never have to search for them. They simply appear.

And so I stopped looking, allowing myself to absorb all of nature's offerings: pearlescent clouds eclipsed by circling gulls; an ivory swan gliding toward the shoreline; a cormorant, disappearing and reappearing from the water like a master illusionist.

In a moment of deep peace, I heard a lusty squawking that sounded for all the world like a velociraptor, although I knew exactly what it was. To my right, soaring across the pond with his neck tucked and his long legs trailing behind him, was the mystical heron, his reflection every bit as stunning as his seven-foot wingspan.

It seems he was there all along, patiently waiting for me to return to stillness.

When she isn't stalking water birds, senior editor Ashley Wahl is prone to wander.

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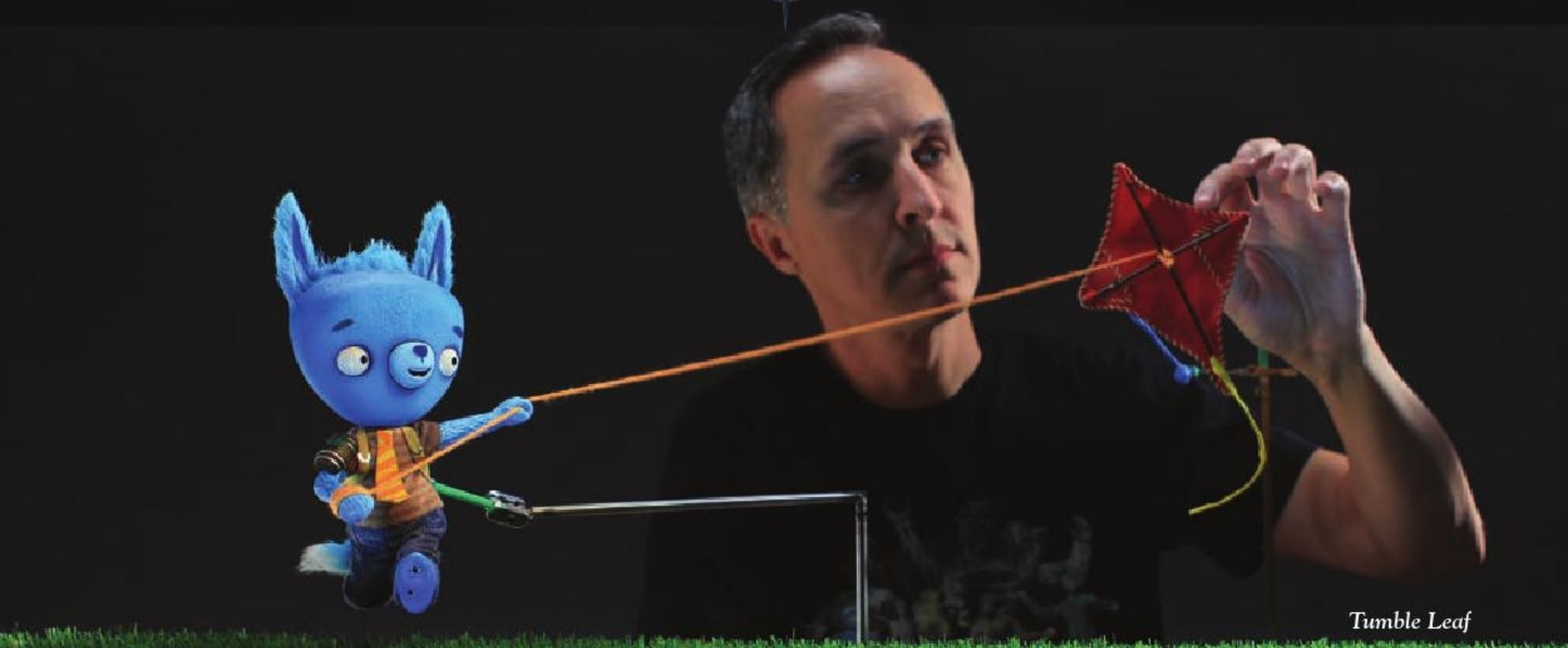

Tumble Leaf

Return of the Dreamer

An Oscar-nominated animator shares the joy of playing with clay

By Gwenyfar Rohler

To misquote Prospero from William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*: Michael Granberry's life is such stuff as dreams are made of. It is an apt comparison, as Granberry is coming back to Wilmington to direct Dram Tree Shakespeare's production of *The Tempest* this spring. Recognized as a fixture on our local theater scene from 1995–2002, Granberry made the leap to Hollywood to work on *Lemony Snicket's Series of Unfortunate Events*.

"I sold all of my possessions because I didn't know exactly what was going to happen when I got up there," Granberry recalls of his move to New York City. "Pretty much my first day there, my boss said, 'This movie's too expensive. It's not going to happen.' Then right before Christmas this production did get halted." Following the New Year the film moved to LA, and so did Granberry.

After a lifetime spent in theater, film was a brave new world. For example, theater is usually low or no budget. But film? "The production accountants taught me everything about production finance," Granberry recalls. "It was a fascinating way to learn how to transform currency into a motion picture — very different from theater, where you never have a budget. But my job wasn't creative." Which for Granberry is shorthand for: "I couldn't breathe or function."

When Granberry was the artistic director for Wilmington's Shakespeare on the Green, he might not have had a budget — or even the rudiments of what most people would consider a theater — but he did have free rein to do anything he could dream up. "It was incredibly challenging." Granberry recalls of his days of Shakespeare at Greenfield Lake Amphitheater. "I remember the year before they started on the [amphitheater] renovation . . . half the benches had just fallen apart because they had been eaten by termites. Every night we had to re-light the show — we couldn't leave anything out because it wasn't protected in any way. We had to work doubly hard to do anything basic, let alone anything above and spectacle." No wonder a feature film budget seemed like a dream come true.

For the last few years, Granberry has made a living as a stop-motion animator. He actually gets paid to play with clay, tell stories and make art all day, every day. "When I started it was like I was 10 years old again," Granberry notes. To be clear, he is one of the animators on the Academy Award-nominated animated film *Anomalisa*, written and directed by Charlie Kaufman (*Being John Malkovich, Adaptation, Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*). "My mom, who lives in Georgia (East Coast Time), called just as I was waking up [in LA] to ask me if I'd heard the news [about *Anomalisa*]. We're all just incredibly proud of how this small, independent film, which started out as a project on Kickstarter, has captured the hearts and minds of so many people."

So how did Granberry make it from an amphitheater with rotting seats to a Charlie Kaufman film? After the move to LA he started messing around with one of his old loves: animation. But with advances in technology, he could get some digital equipment together and really make a short film in his apartment. After a few experiments he had something that he termed "not embarrassingly bad." He entered it in a couple of film festivals and, along the way, reclaimed the creativity that is so vital to his life.

Enter *Robot Chicken*. As fate would have it, the studio where the filming of the late night *Adult Swim* mainstay of Cartoon Network's sketch comedy series happens is located five blocks from Granberry's apartment. "I was hired as an animation assistant. They really taught me everything — it was like grad school."

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Along the way he also worked on *Elf: Buddy's Musical Christmas*, and is currently on *Tumble Leaf*, a children's TV show for Amazon Prime. Actually, the *Tumble Leaf* gig is what allowed him to come back for *The Tempest*. "We're finishing up animation on Season 2 of *Tumble Leaf*. We've already gotten a green light for Season 3, but there's a gap of time between when animation will end and resume: Story has to be written, storyboard made, sets built, characters have to be refurbished . . . The folks at Dram Tree Shakespeare wanted to put this show together in this little magic window of time."

Once he found out *Tumble Leaf* was going to get picked up, Granberry signed on for *The Tempest*. "I've got some breathing room and can take a break – and recharge my batteries doing something that I love, theater."

Granberry promises puppetry (especially Ariel) and multimedia elements for this vision of *The Tempest*. He says his film and animation experience has made him more open to collaborative possibilities.

"In the past I felt like if I wanted to see it up there I had to do it all," Granberry reflects, then adds: "In the last decade plus, a lot of people have come out of the woodwork to say, 'I like to do trapeze work. I like puppets.' Instead of saying, 'I have to do all of it,' you can find other people who want to do it and invite them to the party. I have more trust in other people. Filmmaking and TV work is so collaborative you don't have a choice: You have to be open to other people jumping in."

The theater community has only continued to grow since Granberry left fourteen years ago, and even from afar Granberry is cognizant of the wealth of talent waiting to work with him. "Looking at the resumes of people who are regularly onstage – it's an incredible 'who's who' of film, TV and stage that says a lot about the community . . . I mean, even in the big city I live in it is not that way. [Theater] doesn't get the respect that it does there on the Cape Fear."

Gwenyfar Rohler spends her days managing her family's bookstore on Front Street.

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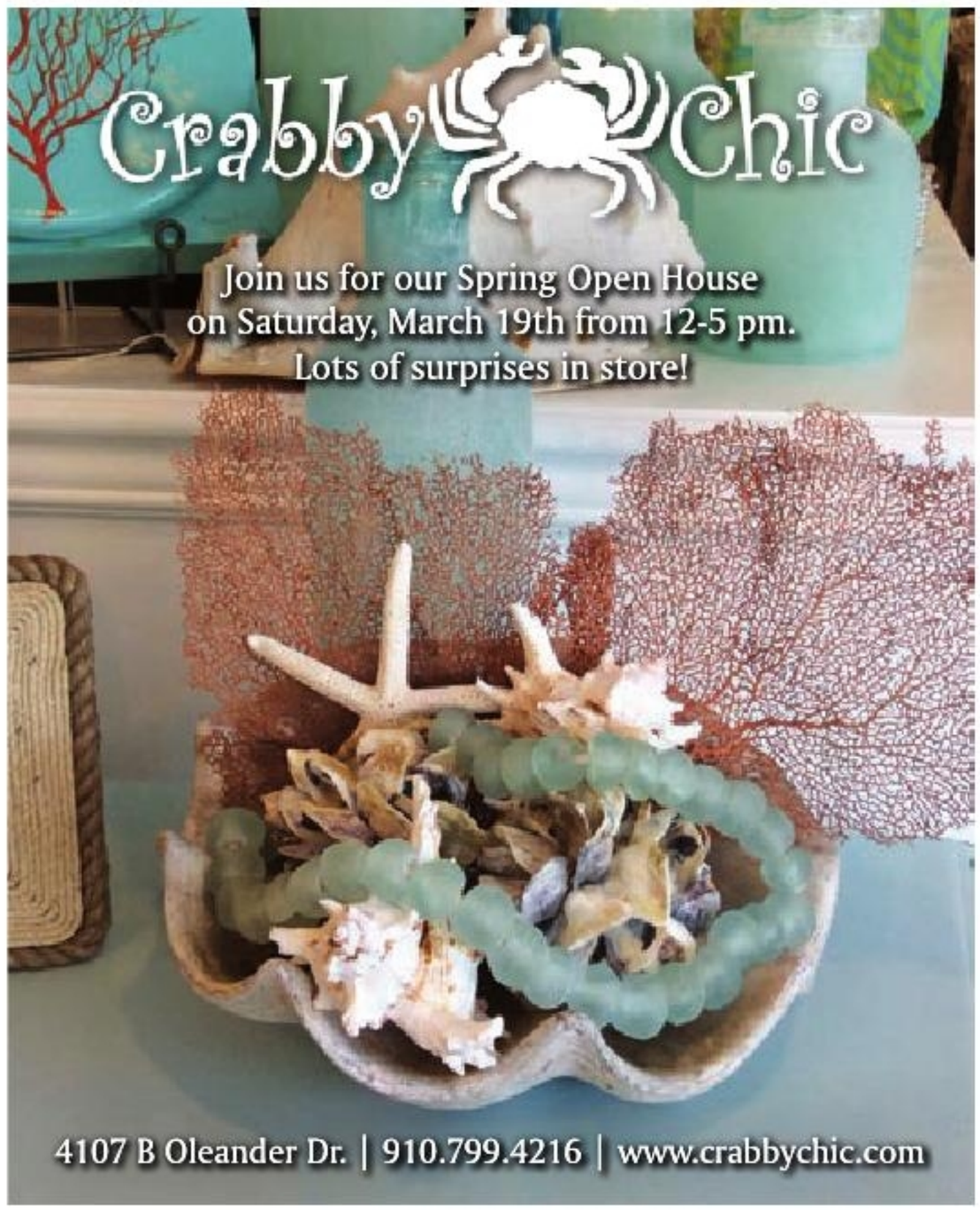
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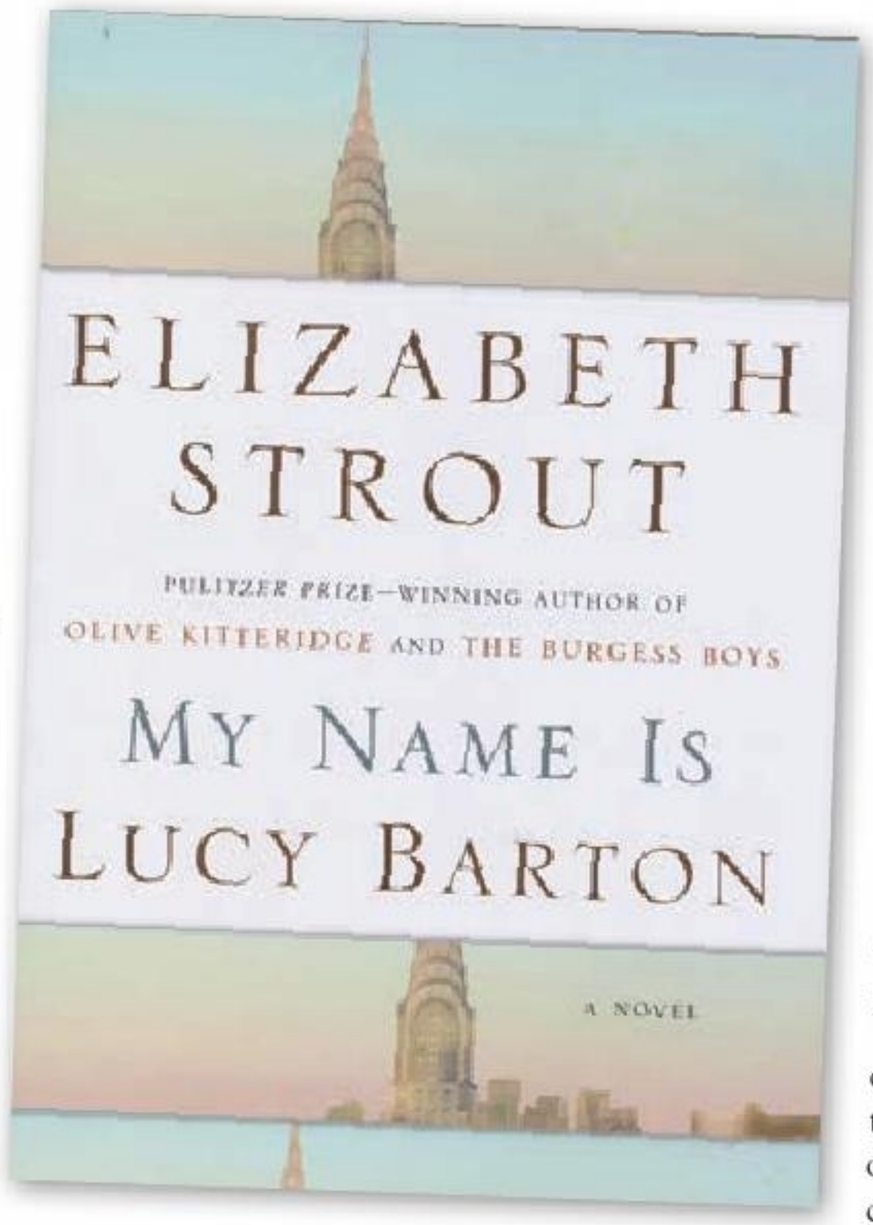
A minimalist tale of the human condition



By Stephen Smith

Readers unfamiliar

with Elizabeth Strout's Pulitizer Prize-winning novel *Olive Kitteridge* or her *New York Times* best-seller *The Burgess Boys* are likely to find themselves adrift in the structural nuances of her latest offering, *My Name is Lucy Barton*. Lucy's fictional autobiography unfolds in a series of anecdotal recollections that begin during a seven-week hospital stay resulting from an infection following an appendectomy. During her lengthy recovery, Lucy's husband, a shadowy, scratchily drawn character — all of Strout's characters are transient and vaguely realized — persuades Lucy's long-absent mother to sit at Lucy's bedside for a week. They chat now and then about, well, this and that — there are no gruesome recollections, no life-altering revelations, no long-buried family secrets — and somehow the entire novel ends up being about nothing less than coping with fear, disgust, anger, guilt and sadness — and all of this is achieved using delicate brush strokes, a randomized form of open composition, with an emphasis on the changing qualities within Lucy's rather mundane life and the indifferent but "amazing" world that surrounds her New York hospital room: "I turned my eyes toward the window. The light from the Chrysler Building shone like the beacon it was, of the largest and best hopes of mankind and its aspirations and desire for beauty. That was what I wanted to tell my mother about this building."

But Lucy doesn't reveal to her mother the building's symbolism; nor does she attempt to define her relationship with her mother and other family members, including her own husband and children. Which is entirely the point of the novel. *My Name is Lucy Barton* is about the blank spaces in the narrator's psyche laid out on an impressionistic canvas skillfully depicting contemporary American life with its fundamental abnormalities and impairments. Simply stated it's a book about nothing that is, finally, about the basic mysteries of the human condition — which makes it a remarkable achievement and a compelling read.

Lucy's formative years were spent in abject poverty. Growing up in rural Illinois, she lived with her siblings and parents in a dirt-floored garage. Other than a blessed ignorance of popular culture, an inability to comprehend irony, and the occasional unexplained need to disappear into frivolous diversions such as ducking into a New York department store to chat with a stranger, Lucy doesn't outwardly exhibit the effects of her impoverished upbringing. She did well in school, earned a scholarship to college, married, and gave birth to two daughters. She lives in New York, where she's a successful novelist. But during her mother's visit, Lucy is unable to verbalize her feelings about her loveless childhood, and her mother is equally incapable of expressing her feelings of failure.

Although Lucy has managed to shut out the past, the years of emotional privation occasionally surprise her: "There are times now, and my life has changed so completely, that I think back on the early years and I find myself thinking: It was not that bad. Perhaps it was not. But there are times, too — unexpected — when walking down a sunny sidewalk, or watching the top of a tree bend in the wind, or seeing a November sky close down over the East River, I am suddenly filled with the knowledge of darkness so deep that a sound might escape from my mouth . . . "

What's remarkable is that Lucy remains complacent and nonjudgmental

concerning her past, present — and even her future. When her mother-in-law introduces her as "coming from nothing," Lucy isn't offended. Years later, she comments: "I took no offense and really, I take none now. But I think: No one in this world comes from nothing." Despite her obvious intelligence and her keen powers of observation, Lucy's insights into the workings of the culture are hardly discerning: "It interests me how we find ways to feel superior to another person, another group of people. It happens everywhere, and all the time. Whatever we call it, I think it's the lowest part of who we are, this need to find someone else to put down." Economic inequalities aside, Lucy is of the opinion that "people who have been given the most by our government — education, food, rent subsidies — are most apt to find fault with the whole idea of government" — which hardly constitutes a breakthrough in human thought.

All of which makes it sound as if the novel is easily set aside. Not so. Strout coaxes her readers into the emotional flow of the narrative through her skillful use of experiential commonality. After she and her ex-husband have divorced, Lucy admits that she sometimes loves him more than when they were married: "And there are days when I have such a clear image of him sitting at his desk in his study while the girls played in their room that I almost cry out: We were a family!" And her daughter tells her that "I love him [Lucy's new husband], Mom, but I hope he dies in his sleep and then my stepmom can die too, and you and Dad will get back together." Lucy blames herself for the divorce and thinks: "I did this to my child." What could be more human?

If life occasions regret, Strout would have us find peace with circumstances we cannot change, with a past that's irrevocable. In doing so, she's written a novel that refuses to be pigeonholed; there's not a minor niche or nook where her intriguing study of the human experience fits. Composed of skeins of seemingly innocuous and muted vignettes, the threads are woven together into a minimalist tale that directs the reader into his or her own reality — and it's these random musings that resolve themselves into something approaching a truth that will leave readers wondering if they're reading autobiography or a treatise on the imperfections of the human condition.

Who's likely to enjoy and profit from reading Strout's latest novel? It's safe to borrow a little syntactical pizzazz from the late poet and critic Randall Jarrell: Maybe *My Name Is Lucy Barton* isn't for everyone — or maybe it is.

Stephen Smith is a poet and fiction writer who is a longtime contributor to the magazine.

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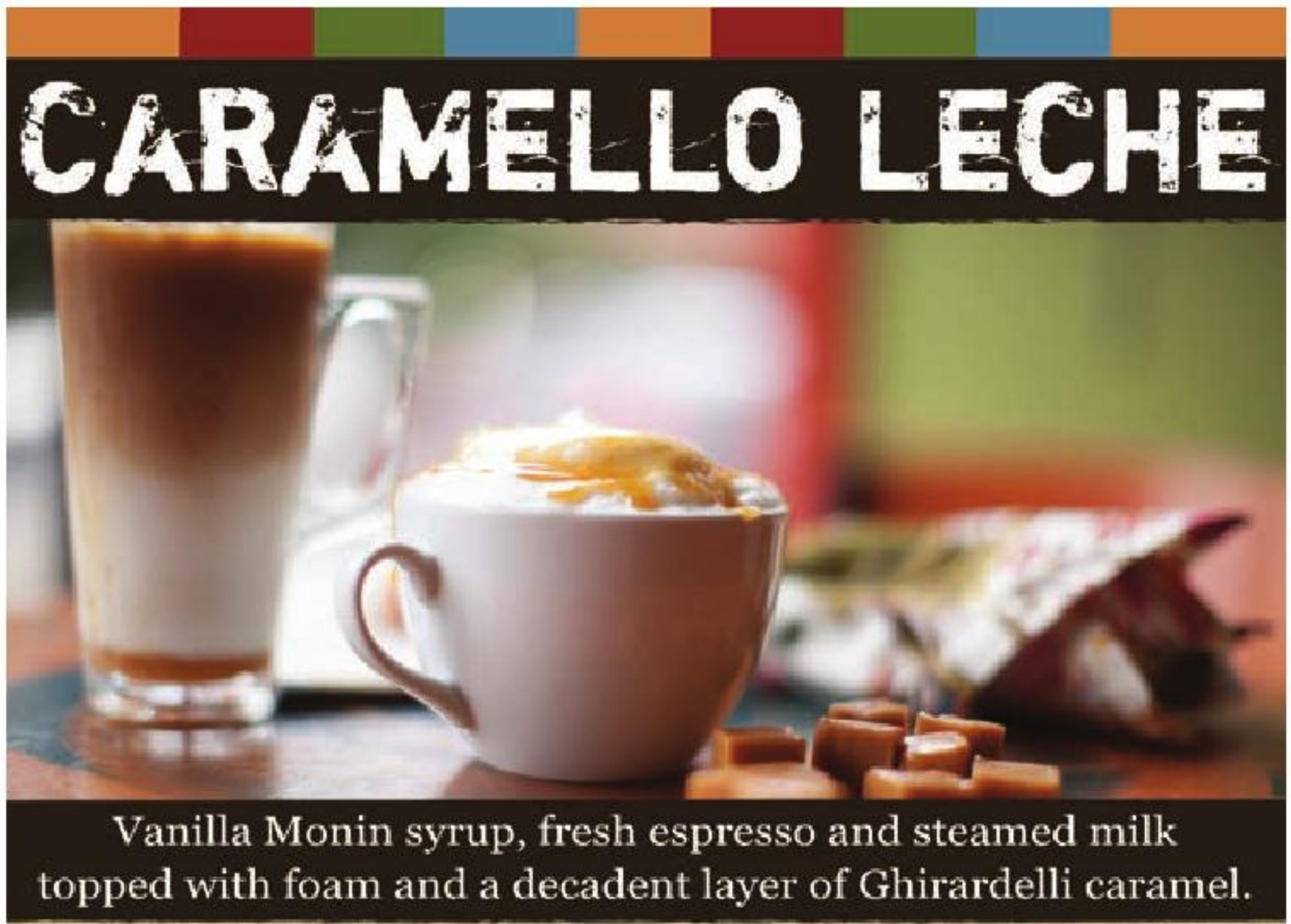
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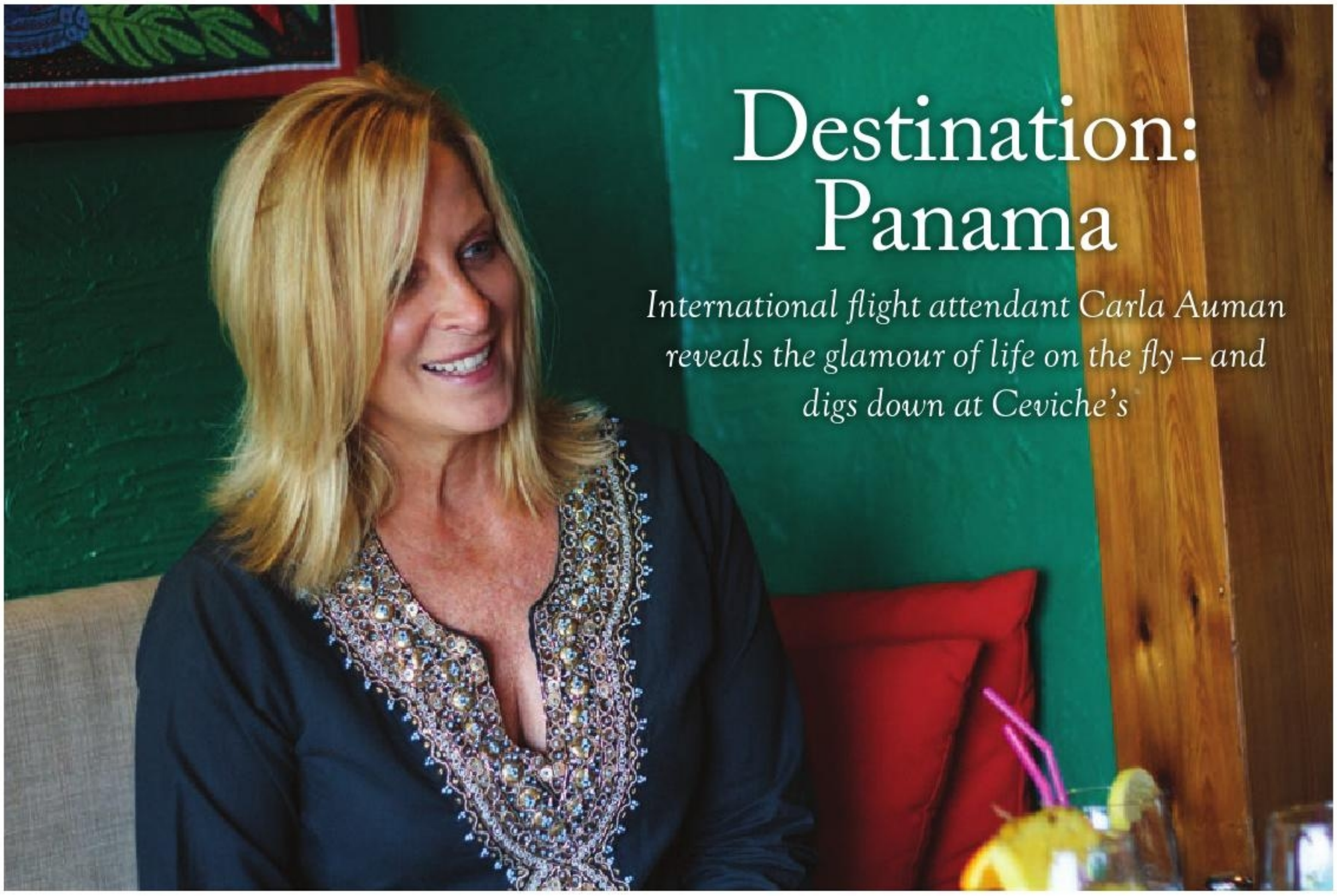


Destination: Panama

International flight attendant Carla Auman reveals the glamour of life on the fly – and digs down at Ceviche's

By Dana Sachs

Flying out of Wilmington

recently, I heard a flight attendant chatting with a guy in the row in front of me. In my experience, flight attendants and passengers mostly communicate about seat backs and tray tables, delayed arrivals, Bloody Mary mix. These two, though, seemed like old friends who had run into each other on board.

"How've you been?"

"Great. Hey, can I get the recipe for that sauce you served at your oyster roast?"

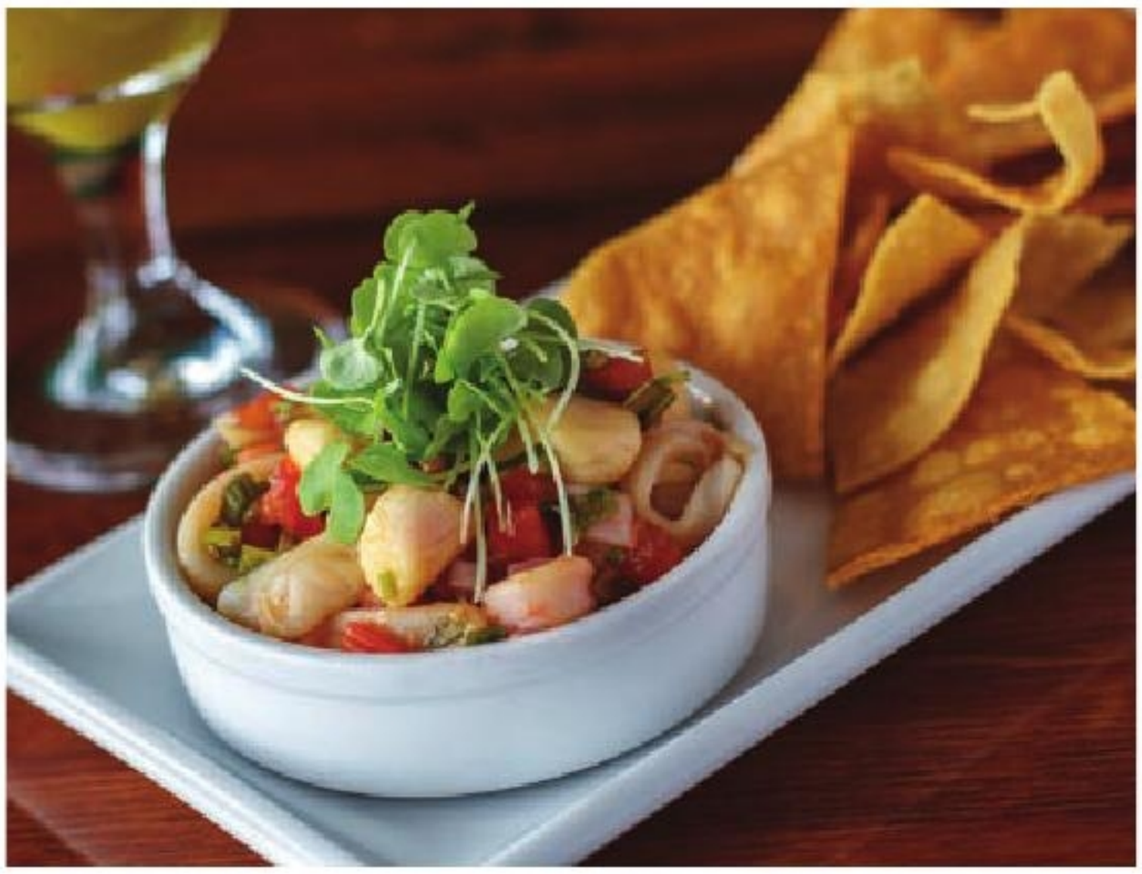
As I eavesdropped, I realized two things. First, this flight attendant lived in Wilmington. Second, she mentioned working a Tokyo flight, which meant she flew overseas. To my mind, "international flight attendant" ranks among the glamour professions, along with "lion tamer" and "United Nations peace envoy." A few minutes later, therefore, I did something I'd never done. As the flight attendant glided by, I waved her down and, explaining that I wrote a column for this magazine – I didn't want her to think I was a nut – asked her to lunch.

A few weeks later, Carla Auman, 31-year Delta Airlines employee, sat down with me at Ceviche's restaurant near Wrightsville Beach. Vivacious and outgoing, Carla comes across as both charming and unflappable, fun enough for dancing in Rio and kind enough to pat your back if you're airsick over the Atlantic. She was just back from Rome.

Although she lives in Wilmington, Carla is based in Atlanta, which means she must fly into ATL before she can start her day (that flight out of Wilmington was unusual for her). An online bidding system creates schedules for Delta employees and keeps track of their hours. Flight attendants have to clock at least 540 hours a year – time measured by actual hours in the air, not by minutes spent at the C-Terminal Starbucks. Most flight attendants work a lot more than that; Carla herself puts in up to ninety hours a month. "Some people fly," she said, "but I want to live my life at home."

In thirty years with Delta, Carla has seen a lot of change. "They used to have girdle checks," she told me, although she wasn't around for that. Raising a finger, she plucked at an invisible elastic waistband: "Pop!" Despite her long tenure, Carla ranks only in the top 25 percent in terms of seniority – "Out of over 21,000 flight attendants, I'm 3,986" – which means that people pretty much stay in this job, and with this airline, for

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES STEFIUK



their entire careers. She loves Delta, but there's a practical reason, too: "If you go to another airline, you start at the bottom."

And what about the glamour? Carla's experience confirms it. Early in her career, she told me, "a bunch of girlfriends wanted to learn to ski," so she and her friends based out of Salt Lake City. A few years later, she moved to New York, but she continued to keep her car in Utah so that she could easily get to the slopes on SLC layovers. In spring, she'd head to the south of France. In autumn, she'd explore Italy and Greece. Working first class back in 1993, she met a handsome prince — Albert of Monaco — whom she went out with whenever their paths crossed over the next three years.

Not surprisingly, Carla has eaten in some of the world's best restaurants. She suggested we meet at Ceviche's because the Panamanian spot is one of her favorites. We started with a fruit drink, the fresca de ensalada, a tropical blend of mango, pineapple, apple, spinach and citrus. Carla's expression turned dreamy after trying it. "It tastes like I should be on a beach with white sand and blue water."

Panama has, over the centuries, attracted settlers from all over, so its cuisine has absorbed African, Native American, Latin and even Asian flavors. The BLT arepa appetizer paired a traditional fried cornmeal flatbread with fresh tomato, avocado, pea shoots, cilantro and bacon jam, all drizzled with balsamic glaze. "Everybody loves a little piece of cornbread," said Carla, but it was the combination of fresh ingredients and bacon jam that surprised her. "I love the way they infuse a little bit of the South with Central American cuisine." The carne empanada, which came with salsa fresca, cotija cheese and guacamole, had a "crispness" that Carla appreciated, and the jalapeño-lime aioli reminded her "of a tartar sauce on steroids." As for the eponymous dish, Ceviche's ceviche was tangy and light, "refreshing," Carla said, "with just a hint of hot." We also tried a heartier entrée, slices of pan-seared duck breast fanning out over sweet potato hash and sautéed mizuna greens, then topped with orange jalapeño salsa, pickled onion and a red wine gastrique.

"What's a gastrique?" I asked.

"Just a foo-foo word for puree." Actually — later, I looked this up — it's a foo-foo word for sauce, but, in any case, we liked the duck. "It must be pretty good," Carla said, "if you want to eat the fat, too."

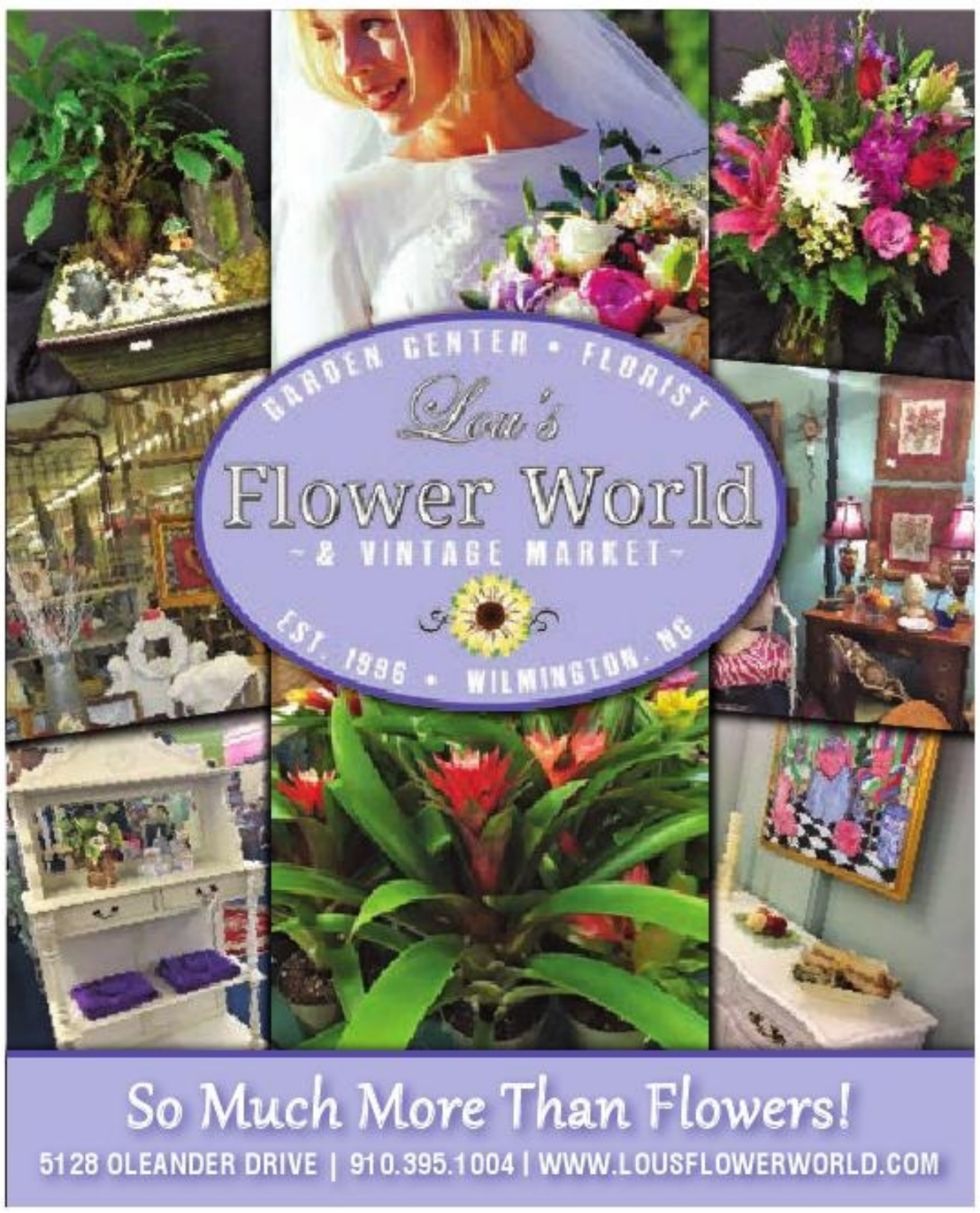
Life as a flight attendant has challenges. Carla has had low points, like having to handcuff an unruly passenger, and the September 11 attacks

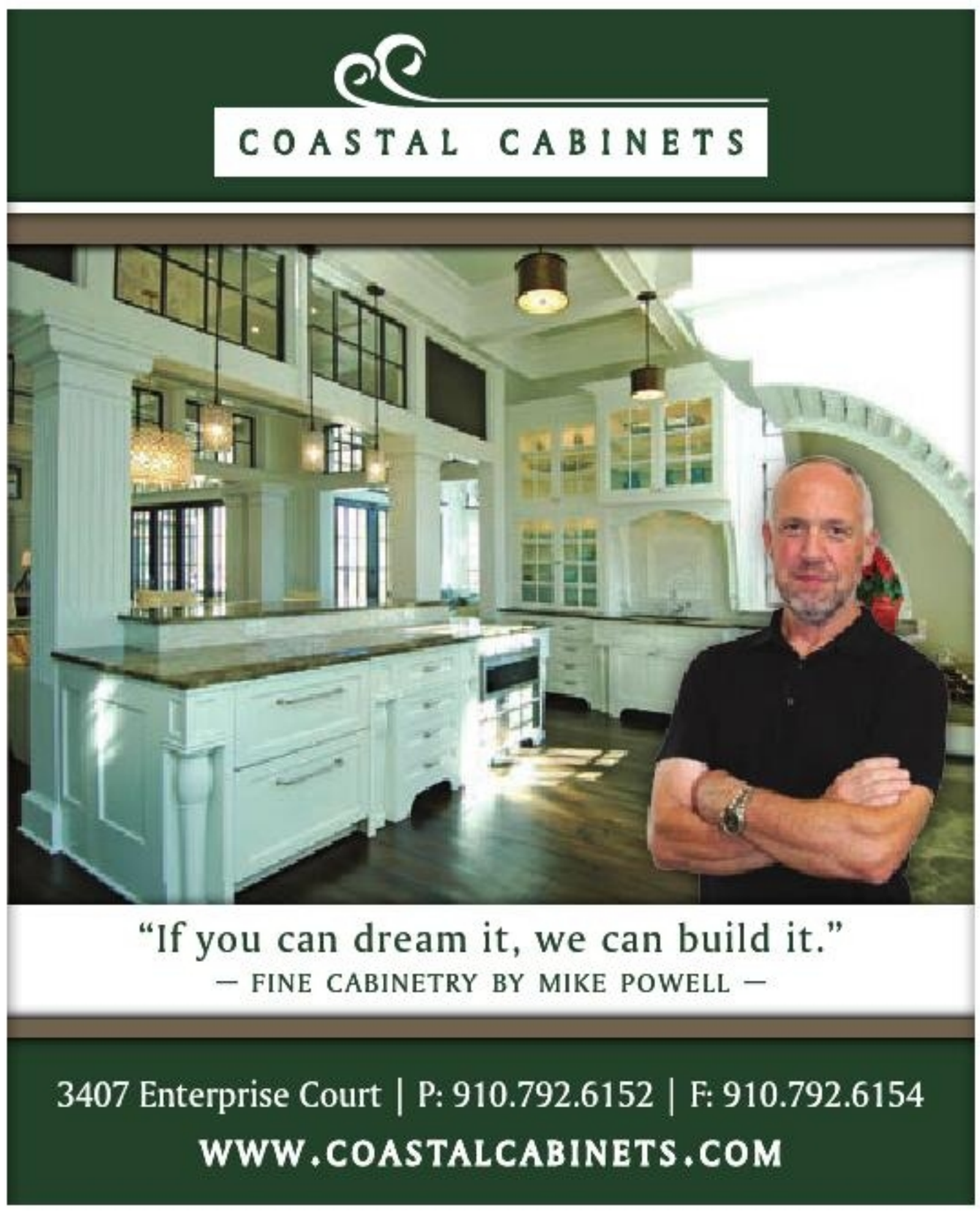
not only traumatized airline professionals personally but also caused an economic disaster from which the industry took years to recover. Still, she remains passionate about her career. She loves "being in another country for a day, buying fun groceries and then flying home and being off for a week." In Rome, she picks up Parmesan cheese, peperoncino oil, and Aperol, a rhubarb liqueur that serves as the key ingredient — 2 parts Aperol to 3 parts prosecco to 1 part soda — in a cocktail called a Spritz. In Paris, she stocks up on Maille mustard ("I have my own little pot that I bring over to get refilled.") In Amsterdam, she buys almond cookies and a Gouda with cumin in it. She brings back squid ink linguine from Spain, and, from Tokyo, hot sesame oil from Japan's equivalent of a Dollar Tree — "the hundred-Yen store."

Who wouldn't enjoy regular trips to Rome and Amsterdam and Paris? The true traveler, though, experiences the joy of discovery anywhere she goes. Near the end of our lunch, Carla pulled out her cellphone and flipped through her pictures, looking for one she really wanted me to see. Was it Istanbul? Osaka? No. "I went to St. Louis," she told me, finally finding the shot of the famous Gateway Arch. "Look! It's all lit up!"

Ceviche's, at 7210 Wrightsville Avenue, recently closed for renovations. The restaurant will reopen in March with an enhanced menu, expanded seating, and full liquor license. For more information, call the restaurant at (910) 256-3131, or chef Sam Cahoon at (910) 616-9190.

Dana Sachs' latest novel, The Secret of the Nightingale Palace, *is available at bookstores throughout Wilmington.*

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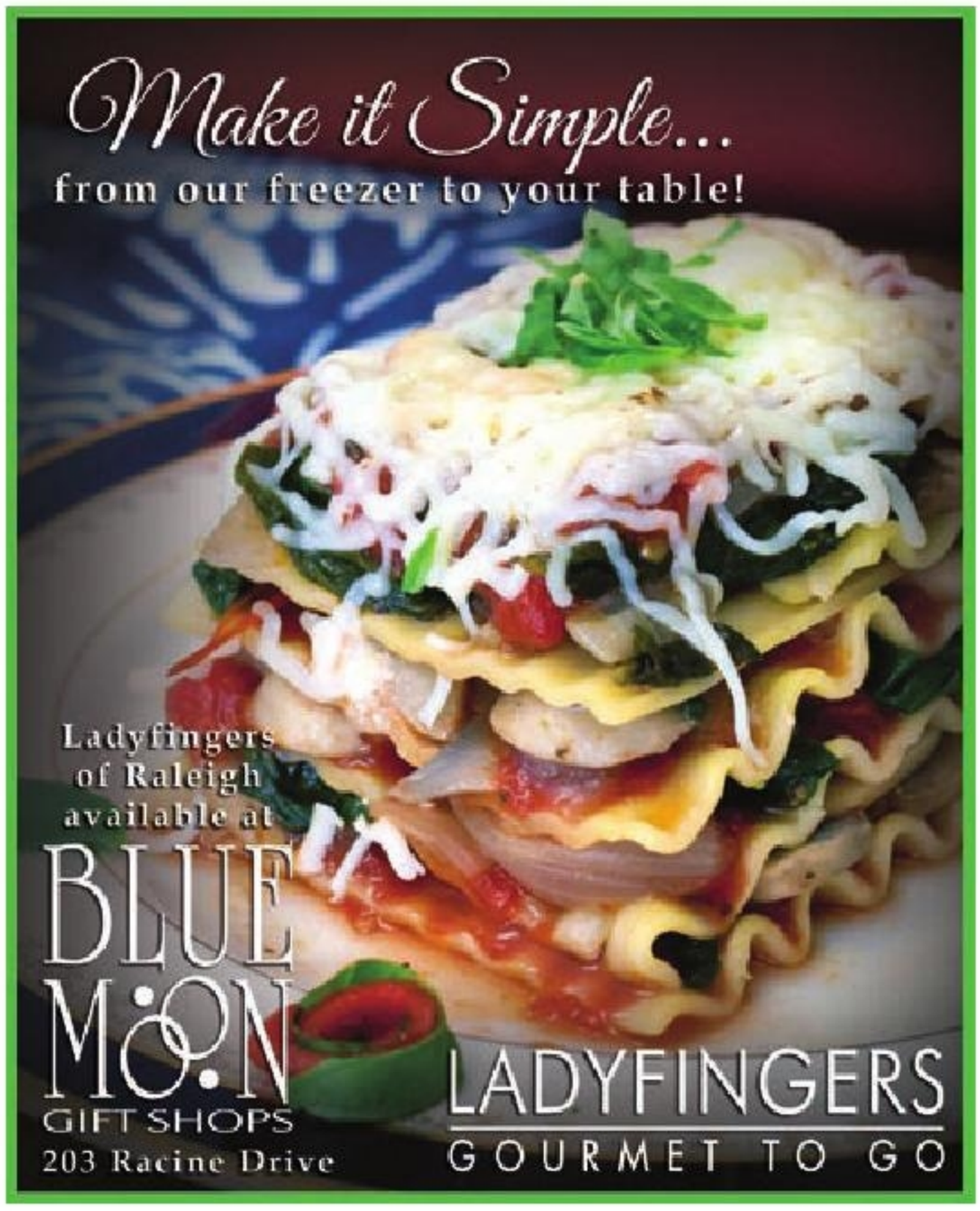
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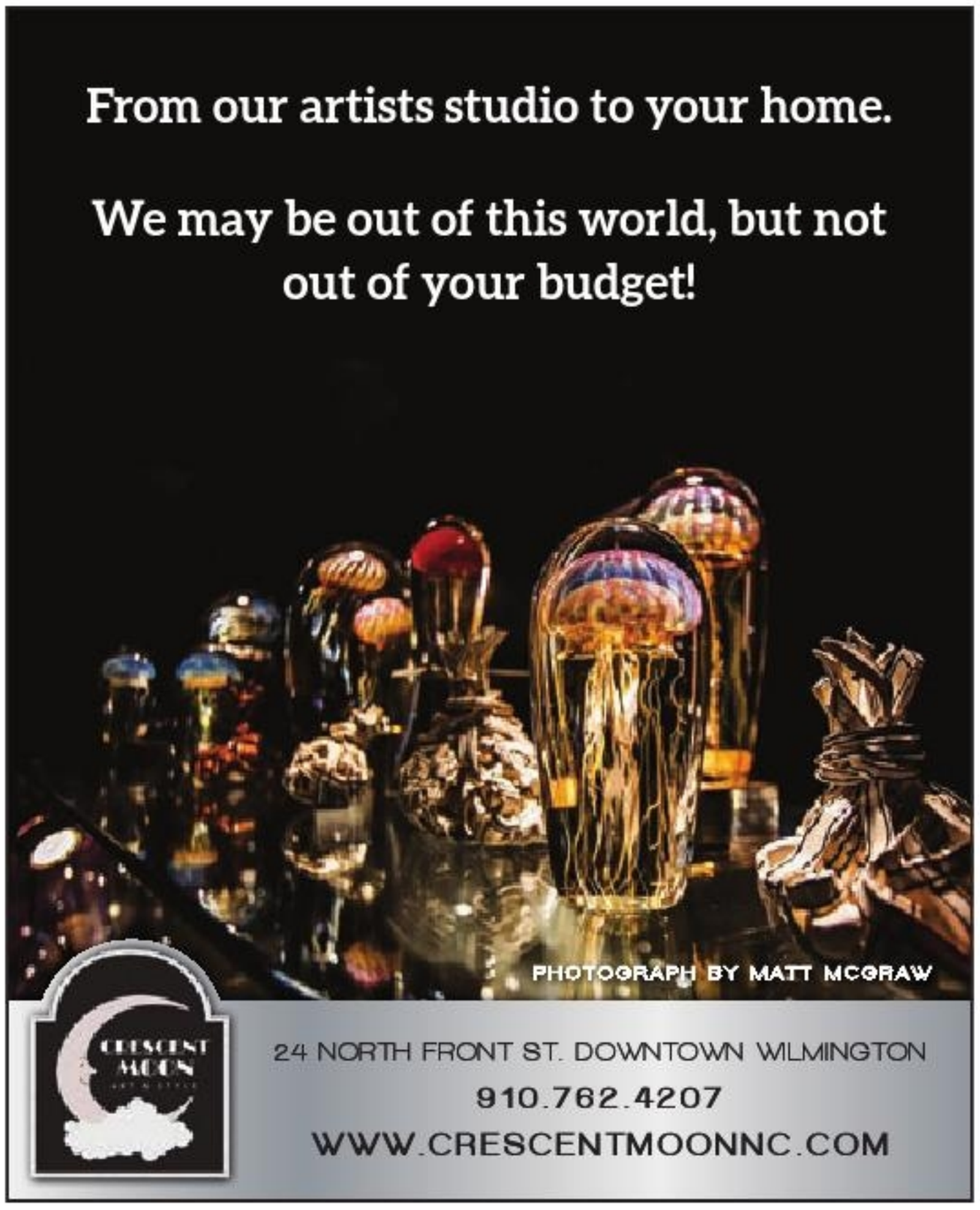
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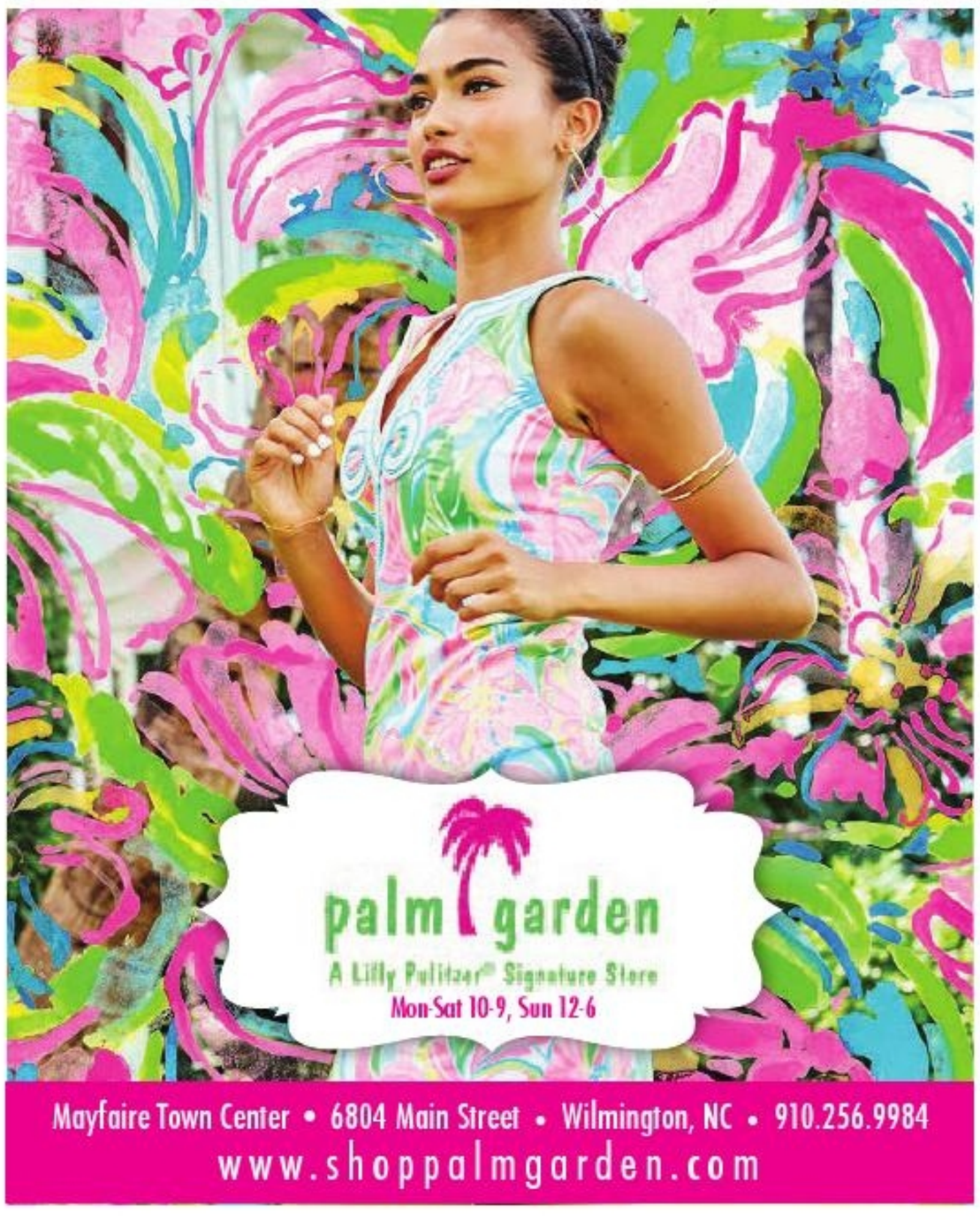
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Jameson Chavez

A well-traveled chef on terra firma at manna

By Jason Frye

There's a term in wine — "terroir" — that applies to the food of manna's executive chef, Jameson Chavez. The root of the word, *terre*, means "land" or "earth" or "soil." To oenophiles, terroir means the sense of place or specificity of place, and reflects how everything from the bedrock to the soil makeup to the orientation of vineyard slopes helps develop the character of wine.

Figuratively, terroir is the accent in which a wine speaks.

Literally it is the very soil into which a vine sinks its roots and nourishes the fruit, and the distinct environment in which that fruit matures.

Chavez's roots were cast in the soil of New Mexico, where he grew up and first began cooking, and that is the base of his culinary, and personal, terroir.

"Food was a thing at home, but it wasn't a thing," he says, by which he means he wasn't groomed from an early age for a career in the kitchen.

"We cooked a lot at home, but I was picky. For a long time, it was all mac and cheese and that was it. Until one day I decided I didn't do cheese. God help you if you got cheese on my burger, I'd send it back."

No cheese. No vegetables. Very picky. Not the makings of a chef.

It happened in high school. There he was studying emergency medical services with plans to go on to get his EMT and paramedic licensure. One of the electives he took was culinary, where he surprised himself and his instructor and "actually did a really good job." Food had found a way into his heart, but it wasn't until he was a first aid merit badge instructor at a Boy Scout camp that he became dissatisfied with the idea of being a paramedic — "It was one of those bad interactions with someone that just soured the experience for me" — and embraced the idea of the kitchen.

"My first real job — I mean I'd been in kitchens since I was 15, bussing, washing dishes, those jobs — was at New Mexico State University as a demo cook at Aramark, making omelets to order and slapping together sandwiches for students."

Soon he found himself working in catering. Then doing a little more and a little more.

"One day the catering chef just didn't turn up for work and they asked me if I could handle it. I said yeah, and there I was, the new catering chef."

Around that time he met the chef who would pull him from the NMSU kitchens and introduce him to a broader culinary world. The two worked together for a while before the chef moved back East, back to Wilmington;

in the meantime, Chavez was developing his culinary chops at Torch in Las Cruces, Á La Mesa in Santa Fe and finally Restaurant Martin in Santa Fe.

"Then the call came and I was asked to come to Wilmington to help open manna as the sous chef. I said, 'Why not?', packed up and headed east on I-40. A few days later I was here."

Here was manna, a restaurant on Princess Street where the menu is decidedly American and upscale without the fuss and bother and tweezer-work so many of us have come to associate with haute cuisine. No, manna is simple, reflective of the root of the word — manna is, if you recall the Old Testament, the bread from heaven that sustained the Israelites as they wandered the desert; it is, if you look at more contemporary definitions, spiritual nourishment of divine origins. For me, the lower-case "m" speaks to the humility of the food and the approach that every chef there, but especially Chavez, has taken with the ingredients: Let them shine, be inspired by the divinity within each morsel, and allow the food to speak in its own voice. You, chef, are the translator, the conduit.

Adjusting to life in the South took a while for Chavez. In the kitchen it was French techniques and dishes with a Southern spin, and a lot more seafood than he'd grown up cooking or eating.

"I was, I still am, more Southwestern and Mexican in my food. I mean, in my heart I am," he says. "But the South, it has a way of creeping in. Now I find the food I cook is Southern with touches of home, not the other way around.

"One morning I knew the South had a hold on me. It seemed that all of a sudden I had a taste for Texas Pete and Cheerwine. Then it was collards and field peas, thanks to a New Year's Day party and an excellent mess of greens. And then it was butter beans. Before I knew it, I had the palate for Southern ingredients."

This, he says, surprised his parents.

"They grew up with a kid who hated cheese and wouldn't eat a vegetable. Now they're like, 'You eat broccoli? And butter beans? What happened to you?'"

What happened was Chavez, like a grape on the vine, ripened, his palate maturing, taking in all the influences of his environments and creating a new, complex flavor.

Chavez has an insatiable curiosity about food that ensures the development of his palate, and his development as a chef is far from over.

"I have to be interested. The guys in the kitchen have to be interested. If none of us are curious, we aren't going to push ourselves; we'll just cook, and if we're just cooking, we may as well be at the omelet station."

He reads all the time. Rick Bayless, of course; *The Food and Life of Oaxaca*, Mexico as well as *Mexico: The Cookbook*; and *Vegetable Literacy*, a cookbook devoted to exploring the bounty of the vegetable kingdom.

"In the kitchen, we're asking questions more often than we answer them," he says. "If my crew asks a question and I don't know, I don't bullshit them. I tell them, 'I don't know' and then we try to find out."

That leads to a lot of great energy as his kitchen team sees him not as an imposing, all-knowing power, but as someone as curious and willing to try and fail as they are. Which leads him to say that all winter he and his team have been looking at ways to be more adventurous in the kitchen. They've been trying new techniques, exploring new recipes. Finding ways to breathe new life into some of the manna standards.

"I'm not interested in trying to be El Bulli," he says, referencing the revered experimental restaurant on Spain's north coast. "I'm not trying to get into the molecular gastronomy side of food. I'm just trying to find ways to let the ingredients be themselves, but be the best version of themselves they can be."

Jason Frye is a travel writer and author of Moon North Carolina *and* Moon NC Coast. *He's a barbecue judge, he rarely naps, and he's always on the road.*

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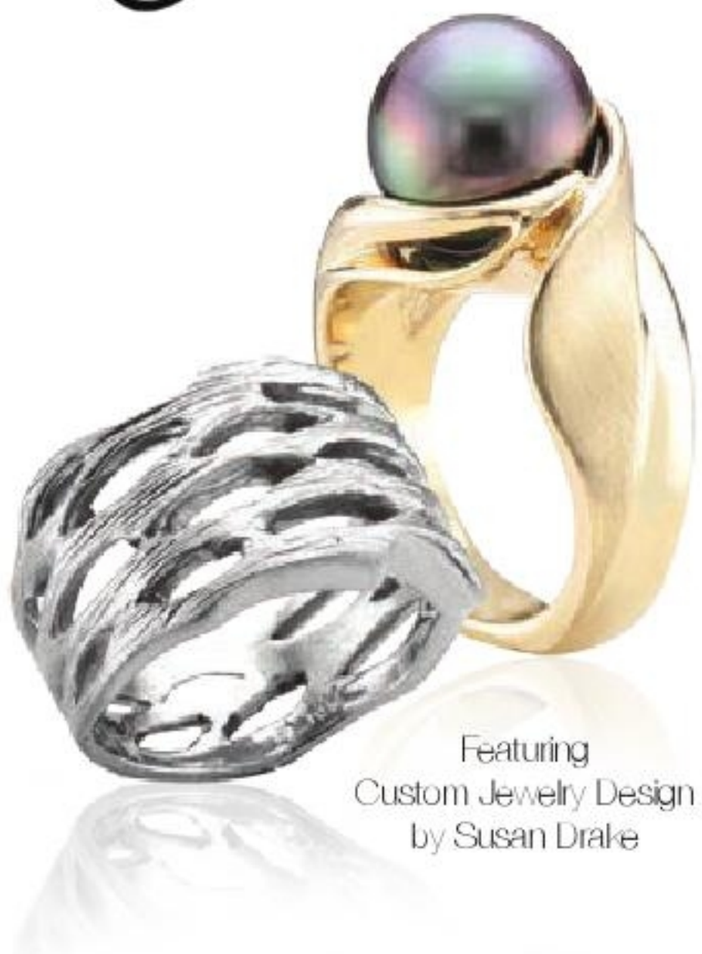

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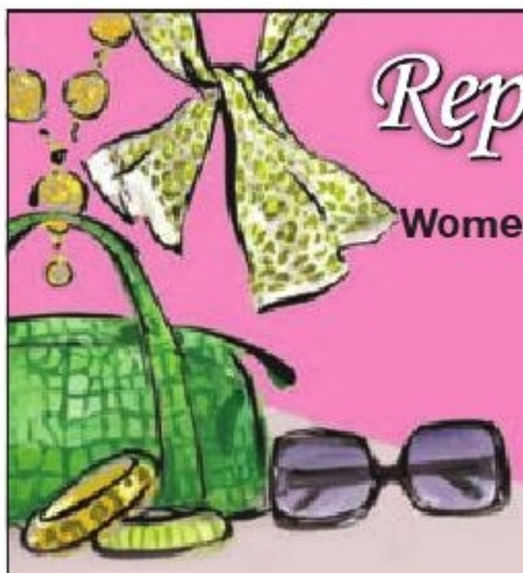

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Speaking Vegan

A newbie to the growing meat-free movement explores the local scene and likes what she finds

By Kim Henry

What do Ellen DeGeneres, Joaquin Phoenix and Wilmington local Sue Cag have in common? They all choose to follow a whole-food, plant-based diet — in other words, they're vegan.

The stereotype of the poncho-clad hippie munching on raw carrots and lettuce leaves has finally been replaced by a whole tribe of vibrant, energized celebrities, athletes, doctors, scientists and folks just like you or me, who are walking, talking proof that a vegan lifestyle is now hip, healthy and no longer very hard. It may even be essential for the continuation of life on Earth — but don't take my word for it.

With an ever increasing amount of high profile and substantiated research about the negative effects of meat and dairy on the human body, and the intense cruelty and lack of sustainability of today's factory farming machine, we appear to be at a cultural and scientific turning point. When even Dunkin' Donuts offers a non-dairy alternative to cow's milk, perhaps the wealth of facts in documentaries such as *Forks Over Knives* or *Cowspiracy* are finally putting a wrench in the milk-is-good-for-you myth and the deluded notion that most cows are living happy lives grazing sustainably on grass before ending up in-between a bun.

As a vegan newbie (although a long-time vegetarian), I wanted to see what Wilmington had cooking in the vegan department. Thanks to Sue Cag, founder of Wilmington Vegan — a local vegan community organization — I discovered a lot more tofu sushi, quinoa salad and organic almond milk being consumed than I had imagined. Born in Washington, D.C., but having lived all over America, Cag came to these sandy shores in 2009 with a desire to connect with like-minded folk. She planted the seed for Wilmington Vegan in 2011, and now, almost five years later, the result is a vibrant community that continues to blossom.

"In the last year, the membership of Wilmington Vegan has doubled," says Cag beneath her signature trilby hat. "We now have around 750 members and a dedicated board. We have a mentor program to support people who are new to a vegan diet, a lending library of vegan cookbooks, and we publish an annual guide to Wilmington's vegan dining options. We want to make it as easy as possible for people to make the vegan choice."

What turned Cag on to a plant-based diet?

"For me it was intuitive," says Cag, who plays electric guitar in the successful folk-rock duo Folkstar alongside singer/songwriter Kim Disco. "Even as a young child, I knew animals could feel pain and joy. Somehow we have allowed a massive disconnect between our animal-loving values as a nation, and the fact that America alone slaughters ten billion animals a year. That is after imprisoning them in unhygienic and torturous conditions. More animals are killed every year for their meat than there are people on the planet." Cag has a gentle demeanor but leaves no doubt about her feelings on the topic.

Heading down to one of Wilmington Vegan's monthly potluck gatherings in the tastefully decked out Kitchen and Lounge at South Front Apartments, I am greeted with a warm welcome, the buzz of vibrant conversation and a delicious array of vegan delights. This eclectic group of locals could not possibly be squeezed into one generic box. Nearly every profession, age and economic bracket are represented, adding further weight to the fact that being vegan is no longer just for aging hippies on the fringes of society.

This month's potluck theme is "Raw" and every dish has a clear list of ingredients placed beside it. Zucchini pasta with sun-dried tomatoes, rainbow veggie salad wraps, sprouted hummus dip and kelp noodles with wasabi-miso dressing are just some of the offerings.

With a full platter before me, I chat with Tish Lynn Vincent, who heads Wilmington Vegan's mentor program. As mother of five children, three of them vegan, she is well-qualified to offer tips about anything from a full-blown Thanksgiving dinner to a quick, healthful snack. I ask her about cow's milk, although I don't utter the inevitable question: How do you get your calcium? Vincent is a certified yoga teacher, accomplished runner and the Household Hazardous Waste program coordinator for New Hanover County. She is clearly not lacking calcium, or any nutrition for that matter.

"The National Dairy Council spent $190 million on their 'Got Milk?' campaign to convince us that we need three glasses of milk a day," says Vincent. "This is one of the greatest myths of our time. Put simply, cow's milk is not good for human consumption because we are not baby cows. Cow's milk is designed specifically to grow a 90-pound calf into a 2,000-pound cow. It allows calves to double their weight in forty-seven days and to leave their four stomachs feeling full. No other species on the planet drinks another species' milk."

Interesting food for thought. (Cheesy pun intended.) Following a little more research of my own, I find multiple reports, such as "The Essence of Betrayal," by Robert Cohen, that reinforce this fact. Not only is cow's milk not intended for the human body, as these findings repeatedly state, but rates of osteoporosis are far higher in populations that consume dairy than those that have very little or no dairy in their diet. Even a report by the National Dairy Council revealed that

the high protein content of dairy actually leaches calcium from the body.

But back to my potluck experience. Having saved a little room for some amazing desserts — the coconut cream pie with dark chocolate crust and raw lime mousse are seductively calling my name — I ask another board member about why he is vegan, and I learn a thing or two about the environmental issues.

Feeding billions of animals for their meat that in turn only feeds a relatively small percentage of the world's population means growing huge amounts of crops for animals and not humans. Nearly 30 percent of available land mass is now used by livestock, or for growing food for those animals, when there are a billion people going hungry every day because "there isn't enough space on earth to grow enough food."

I discover that there are currently 13,000 to 20,000-square-kilometers of sea at the mouth of the Mississippi that becomes a "dead zone" every summer because vast quantities of run-off animal waste from factory farms sweep down the river producing a life-suffocating algae. There are roughly 400 similar "dead zones" around the world, all created in the same way.

Overall carbon footprint of the meat and dairy industry? One decade ago, the United Nations calculated that the combined climate change emissions of factory farming was more than cars, planes and all other forms of transportation put together. Alvin Roth, Nobel Prize-winning economist and professor at Stanford and Harvard universities sums it up rather well: "The meat and dairy industries contribute to continuing malnourishment in the developing world, global warming, widespread pollution and disease, deforestation, land degradation, water scarcity and species extinction."

Right here in our own backyard, a 2008 Government Accountability Office estimated that hogs in five eastern North Carolina counties produced 15.5 million tons of manure in one year. The current way to deal with this waste is to place it into open-air pits called lagoons. Then, to prevent the lagoons from overflowing, farmers spray liquid manure on the land, which then runs into ditches, creeks and rivers, which has some pretty major environmental consequences.

On the bright side, the plant-based revolution is on the rise worldwide, and Wilmington has its very own friendly, informative and diverse channel for connecting with people who are interested in a vegan diet. Word on the block is that it's also easier to be a planet-saving, heart-healthy, animal-friendly vegan than ever before, with so many alternative products readily available.

"And just for the record," adds Sue Cag, bass guitar in hand, "vegans rock."

The Great American Meatout is celebrated across the globe on March 20. For more information about Wilmington Vegan, visit wilmingtonvegan.com.

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An Island in Time

Where one world yields to another, wildness returns, and the heart beats to the rhythm of the tides

ESSAY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN WOLFE

By John Wolfe

It occurs to me that seeing Masonboro Island from a boat, bobbing in the vast Atlantic, is an experience that hasn't changed much since the days of Blackbeard. The ocean beneath me is a dancing mosaic, shades of navy and foam green, sparkling like polished lapis lazuli. On the horizon at eye level lies the island, a beige smudge of sand beneath the bronze waving sea oats and the hunter green mainland pine forest that peeks above the distant dunes. The upper hemisphere is a symphony of periwinkle, azure and brilliant rippled white. Clouds curve so sublimely organic they could have only been created by water in its vaporous form. Textures smooth and sculpted, mackerel-skinned and wispy. The golden cherry at the apex of this heaven-meets-Earth-meets-water layer cake, our star Sol, is the blazing sphere powering the constant motion below from a distance of only 92 million miles.

I say constant motion, because where the sea meets the continent everything is always moving. Ocean, sea oats, clouds, even the island itself. The beach is a portrait of the dynamic play of erosion and landscape. Stillness is rarely known here. The physical motion carries on its back the forward flow of time, that mysterious, all-powerful fourth dimension from which nothing can escape. Time, the great unifier. Time on this fragile barrier island is measured not by the hand of a clock but by the rhythm of the tides, the diurnal track of the sun, and, on a larger scale, the change of the seasons. To be aware of time is to be aware of the finiteness of your life, and its unstoppable trajectory toward the only true ending there can ever be.

The light north wind ripples the surface of the sea as I abandon my underprepared attempt to catch a fish. That's not really why I'm out here anyway. I thread the boat through the narrow gap between sandbars at the mouth of Masonboro Channel. The channel is nearly empty. The only people out here now rely on the island for a living, or to live. Yellow-coated fishermen in beat-up old work skiffs haul crab pots from chilly water. Black-suited surfers paddle against the pull of inlet current to the rock wall on the north end. I am the starry-eyed native madman who loves birds and plants and islands. I clutch a notebook, a student of Abbey, Whitman, Thoreau. At Third Beach, a mile south behind the island, I throw my anchor and wander ashore.

Standing on the firm yet ever-shifting sand, I observe the passage of time. Nature gives you hints of time's motion, if you know where to look. Observe the dune bean *(Strophyostyles helvola)*: This humble legume, in the heat of summer, is a tangle of dead vine strewn across the back of the primary dunescape. But in the cool October air its delicate purple orchid-shaped flowers burst with life, frequent haunts of minuscule black ants.

Witness the colonies of migratory shorebirds absorbing radiation on the exposed sandbars at low tide. This time of year you'll find no black skimmers *(Rynchops niger)* or least terns *(Sternula antillarum)*; off they've flown, taking the warm weather with them, heading to the coasts of South or Central America. Now the bars are populated by orange-beaked royal terns *(Thalasseus maximus)*

preparing to fly south, their summer breeding plumage's full black cap reduced to a Carthusian monk's tonsure. Brown pelicans *(Pelecanus occidentalis)* rest in the sun with yawning gular pouches.

I smoke American Spirits, do headstands, lotus posture, nauli-yoga on the sand of the 8-mile island of which I am now king. There is no one else out here to dispute my sovereignty. The silence is complete except for the gentle lapping of wind-rippled waves at my boat's hull, the faint thunder-rumble of distant surf hitting the beach beyond the dunes, the piercing *clak-clak-clak-clak* of a hidden clapper rail. The motionless white form of a great egret silhouettes against the ever-present marsh grass *(Spartina alterniflora)*, the first notes of brown beginning to bleed down the green stalk of its rhizomatous sprigs. This island is still alive.

As I walk along the trail that leads to the beach, I remember why I come here so often. By surrounding me with my motile kin a little farther away on the taxonomical rungs of *Animalia* and *Chordata*, Masonboro reconnects me to my wild self. I feel the warmth of the sun on my bare skin and the north wind tousling my hair, and I love it, in an animal-like way. Out here I am like a cat that's being scratched behind the ears. Masonboro appeals to the part of myself that loves to feel.

Out here I can actually feel my heart beating. This place ignites in me an urge to un-forget my wild roots, to reconnect with my physical self and the tangible wild world around me. It's a connection I wish more people felt, especially in today's America — the America that is arguing itself apart in the last throes of the Obama presidency, the America that has forgotten how much each side has in common with the other as members of the human species and citizens of the Earth.

Oh, this country of ours, so beautiful and confused! Our Congress full of climate-change-deniers, our state government greedily ushering in hydraulic fracturing and offshore drilling. We are poised on the brink of ecological disaster, and the only thing that can remind us of our true position, bonded to the world, are places like this. On this island we can look beyond ourselves, beyond the false bubble the 24-hour news media has created, and realize that we are still, in a very real way, physically tethered to this fragile planet.

Places like Masonboro offer us a relatable wilderness. A glimpse at our cosmos on a human scale. Here, within the perspective of the void, political disagreements become small and irrelevant. Perhaps if more people learn about and love these places, our nation will cease bickering and realize a larger truth. These places, examples of Gessner's limited wilderness, outposts of the past surrounded by the ever-encroaching future, are necessary for our humility (and ultimately our survival) as a species.

On the beach I encounter drastic cliff faces, left over from our latest hurricane, Joaquin. The pounding of waves against the shore has formed weird organic canyon-wall-type shapes. It's a stark reminder of this island's impermanence. At the Grand Canyon, the vertical strata would be made of rock, varying colors and thicknesses and mineral contents; here, it's just sand all the way down. There's nothing of substance. That is why it has survived. I wipe away huge slabs of sand with a gentle sweep of my hand. One well-placed kick, and the wall crumbles down.

John Wolfe studied creative nonfiction at UNC Wilmington. When he's not on the water, he wishes he was.

Men Who Leave

Time and forgiveness are the keys to healing

By Jennifer Chapis

It's embarrassing to admit this, but I wanted to see him. The official reason for my visit: Say goodbye to Nanny, his dying grandmother. My secret objective: Figure out why my ex-fiancé was in my thoughts.

The train doors slid open in Delaware and I stepped out into the August heat, hoping ten years of drinking hadn't left him unrecognizable. Then I spotted his auburn curls through the crowd. That enormous smile. I floated down the Amtrak platform like a piece of wheeled luggage. He opened the car door for me and it felt like 1998 again — the time he'd mailed me a plane ticket to meet him in Paris. Except now he was sober and I was happily married.

"You look the same," I said.

In jeans and a T-shirt that showed his perfect body, he could've been an Abercrombie and Fitch model. Strong jaw line, magnetic sea-green eyes, he was as hot as the day I'd spotted him in a poetry workshop sixteen years earlier. That semester he'd written a twelve-page poem, detailing why he wanted to take me yak cart rafting in Khan Khentii, sunset snorkeling in Xcalak, and to sixty-eight other destinations I hadn't heard of. A New Yorker who'd never traveled outside the United States, I was in paradise on his handlebars as he swerved us through San Sebastian traffic, avoiding potholes bigger than my head.

When I broke our engagement, I had tried to break up with Nanny too, but she wouldn't allow it. "I love you like my own granddaughter," she'd said. So we made a deal that she wouldn't mention her grandson to me.

Even after I'd stopped talking to my ex, somehow I knew when he was drinking. Although I'd had nothing to drink, I would wake from sound sleep, sense his pain and smell whiskey. The only way I'd survived our connection had been to kill off parts of myself. I stopped hiking, biking, cooking, painting, everything that reminded me of him. I transferred graduate schools and fled 2,800 miles home to New York because I needed more distance between us. Crying so hard it looked like a hurricane out the windshield, I instinctually flipped on the wipers — as if that could wipe away my sadness. I kept trying to wash him out of my system.

I didn't hear from him again until his brother's death announcement arrived in the mail. I blinked with disbelief at the photo of a shirtless young maverick at sea. I couldn't imagine what my husband thought as I bawled for an hour. The brothers shared alcoholism and depression. Hearing that one committed suicide terrified me for the other. And just like that, the emotional channel I'd struggled years earlier to seal suddenly reopened.

I had decided never to see him again, and now here I was, almost a decade later, helping navigate his mother's SUV through downtown streets.

After my visit to Nanny, he and I waited for my train with an empty seat between us. He had recently returned from Ban NaKaang, a remote village in the Luang Prabang province of Laos. A photographer who roamed Third World jungles and rivers unreachable by motorized vehicles, he sold his photos in the States and hand-delivered the profits to needy Southeast Asian orphans. My heart swelled as I studied his photo of an 8-year-old boy draped in a linen smock. I realized that by helping children without parents, he was healing old wounds with his father.

"Maple Leaf was the name of the rehabilitation center where I recovered," he explained. He lifted his sleeve to show me his new tattoo. The maple leaf on his upper arm reminded him never to drink again.

All this time, and I still couldn't express how much he had hurt me. I felt simultaneously happy for him and infuriated with myself for having spent eight years futilely trying to save him. And I felt pathetic for still loving the man who'd chosen booze over me.

I wanted to cry on the ride back to Brooklyn, but couldn't.

The next time I saw him, I was divorced, something that surprised us both. I had waited thirteen years for his apology. And this was it. He led me on stage after-hours at Red Rocks Amphitheatre in Morrison, Colorado. Surrounded by breathtaking rock formations, he knelt down and said his amends.

It was clear he had no idea what he was apologizing for. Maybe he couldn't remember the countless promises he'd forsaken? After all, he was drunk when he'd left me for a year to wander Central America. Five months later, he'd traveled seventy-two hours on a Third World bus to surprise

me at my best friend's wedding. That night he proposed marriage and vowed to quit drinking. He pledged to treat me like a queen. I pretended I forgave him. In his tuxedo, he looked like the success I knew he was born to be. "Yes," I screamed through my sore throat, having caught the flu he'd brought back from Guatemala.

When he eventually fled again, this time to Alaska, I felt something I'd never felt before. Ancient rage boiled within me and I realized it wasn't about him. I was furious with the first man who'd abandoned me: my father.

I was 3 when he left. Years later, he called out of nowhere, asking to attend my college graduation. "I'm proud of you," said a voice I didn't recognize.

I refused to see him but didn't have the words to explain that I couldn't celebrate with him because he hadn't supported me on my road to graduating with honors — not emotionally, financially, or in any way. He wasn't my father.

My ex and I never did go sunset snorkeling in Xcalak. After twenty-plus years of saving his poem and airmailed love letters with Mexican waterfall postage stamps, I finally recycled the whole box. He hadn't shown me his heart, or the world, as he promised. He'd invited me once to Europe and abandoned me in the Swiss Alps when I injured my knee, because he wanted to finish his hike.

Why was I unable to get my ex out of my head, to stop being angry? Because you can't resolve something by pushing it away. That's why I ultimately reached out to my father, a decision that proved to be transformative — not only because it healed my unconscious propensity for reliving his desertion, but also because it allowed my ex to effortlessly dissolve from my consciousness. I no longer needed a surrogate with which to mend my original heartbreak.

My father sounded thrilled to hear from me but made it clear that we would not talk about the past. I agreed, pretending I'd forgiven him. I too had been running away, and true love needs to be present.

Thankfully, I later spoke up when my father forgot my birthday, my way of saying no to absent men, and something I would never have done before. I wanted to commit to an honest relationship.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," he said, apologizing a dozen times.

I could feel his love was genuine. And although I wasn't prepared to say so yet, mine was too.

Jennifer Chapis is an intuitive healer, specializing in relationships and self-love.

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Confessions of a Writer's Spouse

Soaking in the truth

By Wiley Cash

The following is part of a recorded conversation between my wife, Mallory, and me about what it's like to be married to a writer.

Mallory: Are you recording this on your phone?

WC: Yes.

Mallory: Don't let your phone fall into the water.

WC: Do you always give your interviews from the bathtub?

Mallory: Just the important ones.

WC: Would you like to tell our readers why you're soaking in the bathtub?

Mallory: Because I'm pregnant and my body is falling apart.

WC: OK, let's get started. I began working on this current novel in early 2013, so it's been almost three years.

Mallory: It seems like so much longer.

WC: I was hoping to finish it by your birthday.

Mallory: My 32nd birthday?

WC: No, your 31st birthday; the one that just passed.

Mallory: I just turned 32.

WC: You're 32? Really? I'm sorry. I was going to finish the novel by your 32nd birthday and write my monthly column about what it's like to finish a novel. Since I didn't finish it, I thought I'd interview you about what it's like to live with someone who's trying to finish a novel.

Mallory: It's tense at times.

WC: In what way?

Mallory: It's magical at times.

WC: Be serious.

Mallory: I am being serious. Being a writer means you always have homework. You can't clock out. When you're not writing you're reading novels to blurb, you're answering emails, writing essays and articles. Your thinking about your novel takes up a lot of headspace, and I can see it on your face, especially in the beginning and at the end. Sometimes, the beginning and the end last for months. But there's magic to it sometimes too.

WC: What are some of the challenges of living with someone who's writing a novel as opposed to living with someone in a different line of work?

Mallory: A lot of people probably talk to their spouses about work, but being a writer's spouse means there are hours of listening to your spouse read out loud.

WC: Is it challenging when I read my work out loud?

Mallory: It can be, to be honest. Sometimes, I think you read to me because you know there's an audience and you're critical in a way you wouldn't be if you were just reading to yourself. I understand that I'm just standing in for your own ear. I can tell when you want constructive criticism, and I can tell when you just need to share. What's also challenging is that I'm present when you're conceptualizing the novel at the very beginning, and I hear about the book from the initial idea to the first draft to the final draft, and I'm called upon at the end to read it with the eyes of a first-time reader. That's difficult to do when I've watched the process unfold.

WC: Do you feel pressure to say nice things when you read my work-in-progress?

Mallory: Not anymore. In fact, I feel like I've let you down if I come back and tell you it's great. I don't purposefully look for things to critique, especially early on, but if I don't have something critical to say, it probably means

that I'm not reading very closely.

WC: Has this affected you as a reader? Are you harder on the books that you read for enjoyment?

Mallory: Yes. I analyze dialogue. I analyze tricks that show the passage of time or the physical details of a place or a person. I can see the seams in a story after reading so closely for so long.

WC: What are some of the good things about being married to a writer?

Mallory: It's interesting to witness the creative process. It's not as romantic as people think, but it can be. I enjoy line-editing your manuscript proofs at the very end. In terms of our relationship, it gives you flexibility to work from home, which can be a curse and a blessing.

WC: Are there any moments that you look back on as being particularly dark?

Mallory: All three of your novels have had dark moments while you were writing them, not to mention the numerous rejections from literary magazines you've gotten over the years. It was hard watching you write *A Land More Kind Than Home*, especially when things didn't work out with your first agent. That was a dark time. I thought, "This may be over." And when you started working with your current agent, there were times during the revision of *Land* when you doubted the novel's worth. It's difficult for me to see you doubt yourself and your work.

WC: What's it like for you whenever I finish a book?

Mallory: There are short-lived bouts of euphoria experienced by both of us, followed by nerves because you move on to something else: You want to renovate a farmhouse or organize a letter-writing campaign to your senator. If you don't have a million things going on, you try to drum up something to keep busy.

WC: How did your training as an attorney prepare you for being married to a writer?

Mallory: I learned endurance in law school. I learned how to stay awake when people are droning on monotonously.

WC: Are you saying that our interview has come to its end?

Mallory: I'm saying that my fingers have turned to prunes.

WC: Thank you for letting me interview you.

Mallory: You're welcome. Are you going to read this out loud to me before you submit it?

WC: Of course. Why would I mess with a good thing?

Wiley Cash is a New York Times *best-selling author whose second novel,* This Dark Road to Mercy, *was released last year. He lives in Wilmington.*

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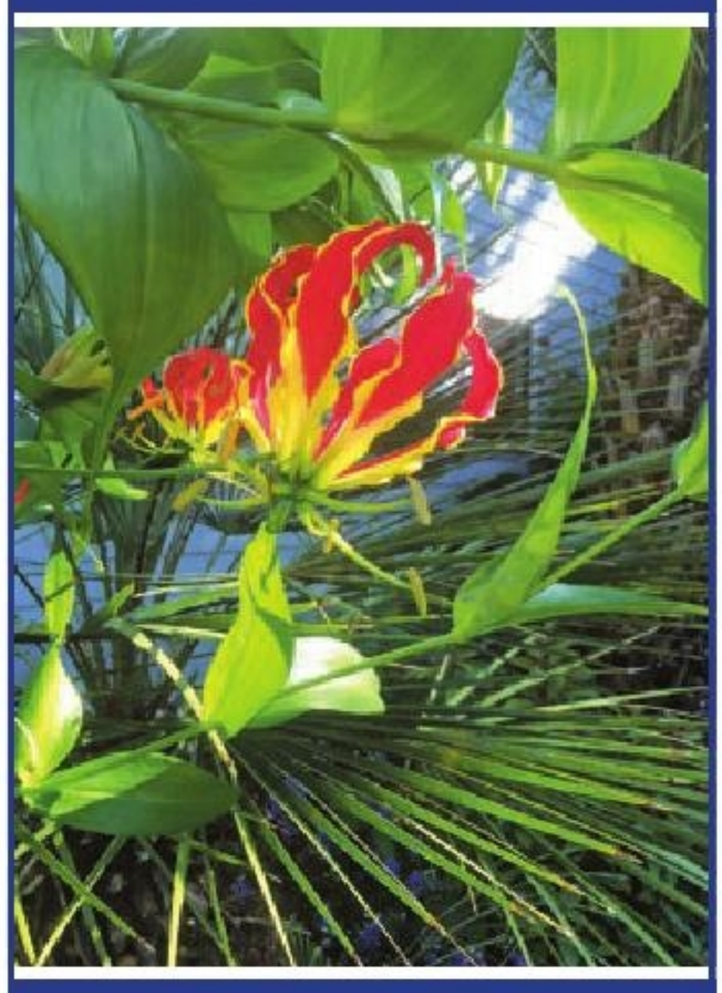
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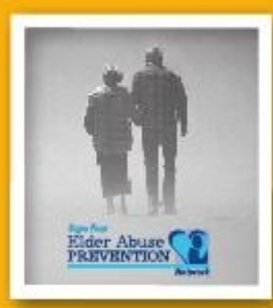

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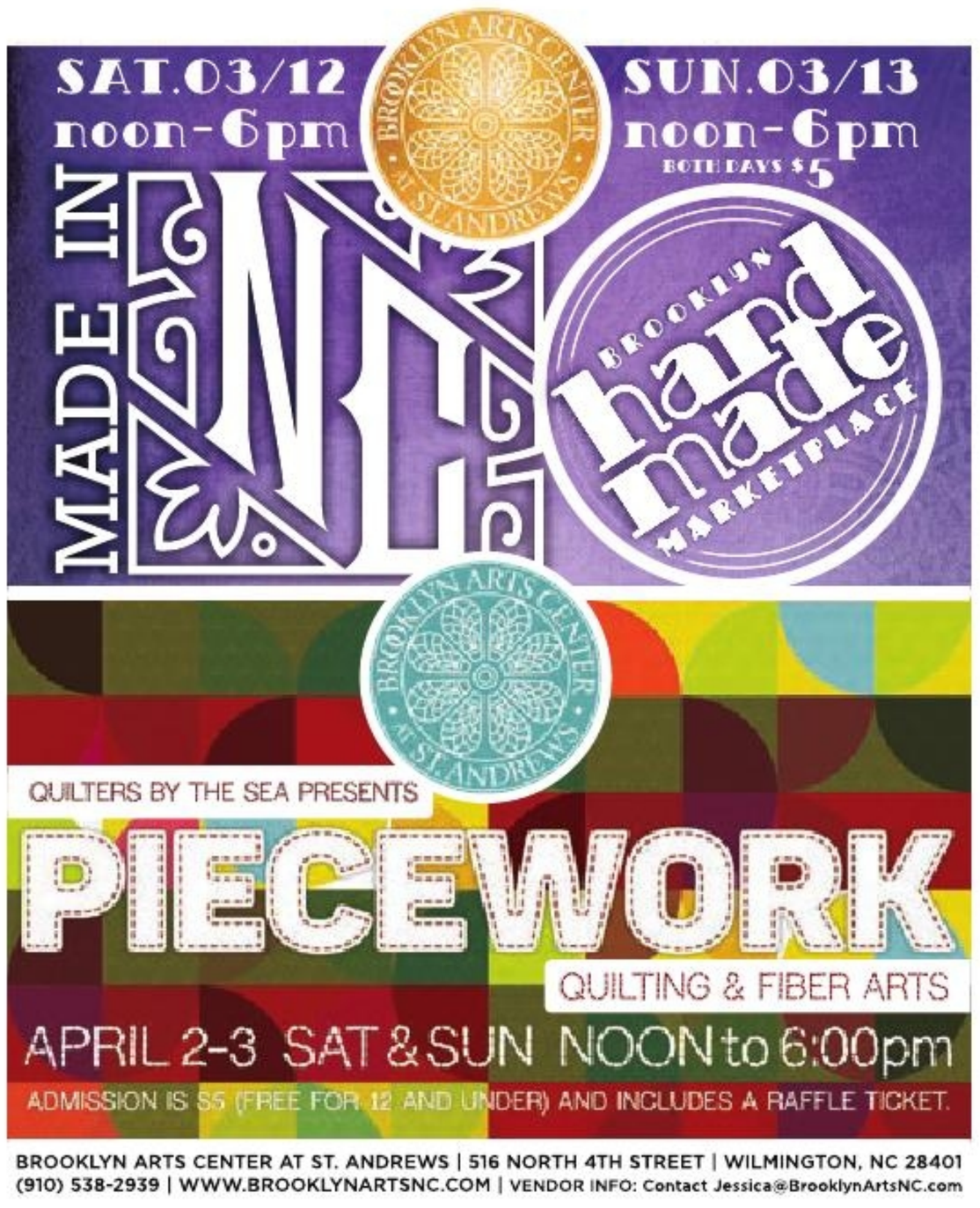
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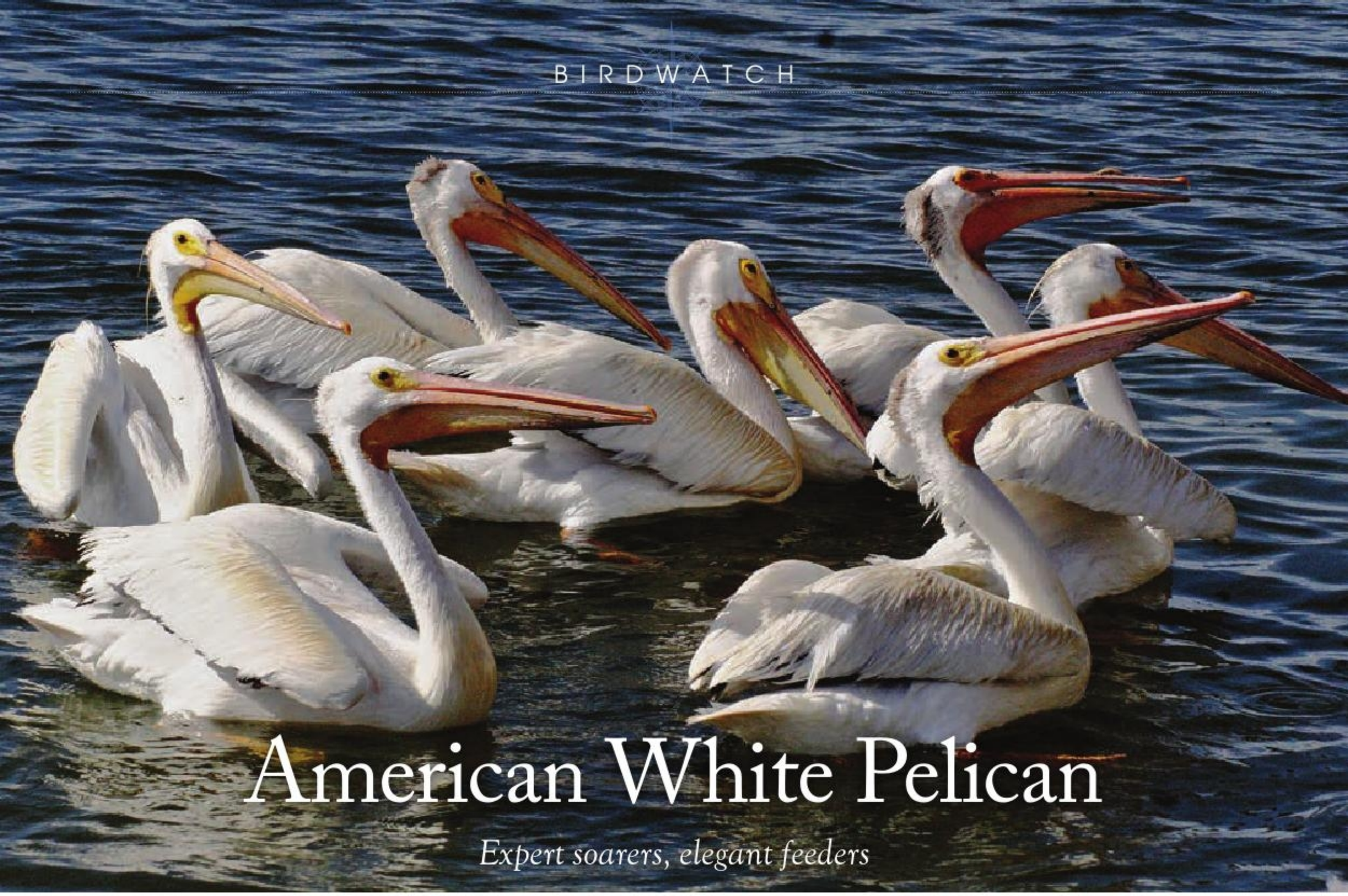


American White Pelican

Expert soarers, elegant feeders

By Susan Campbell

If you have spent a fair amount of time in wet areas along our coast during winter months, then perhaps you have noticed an abundance of large white birds. Great egrets, for example, wading in the shallows; or flocks of white ibis probing for worms in grassy fields; migrating tundra swan and snow geese; and, if you're lucky, an even larger bird, one that's becoming more numerous each year — the American white pelican.

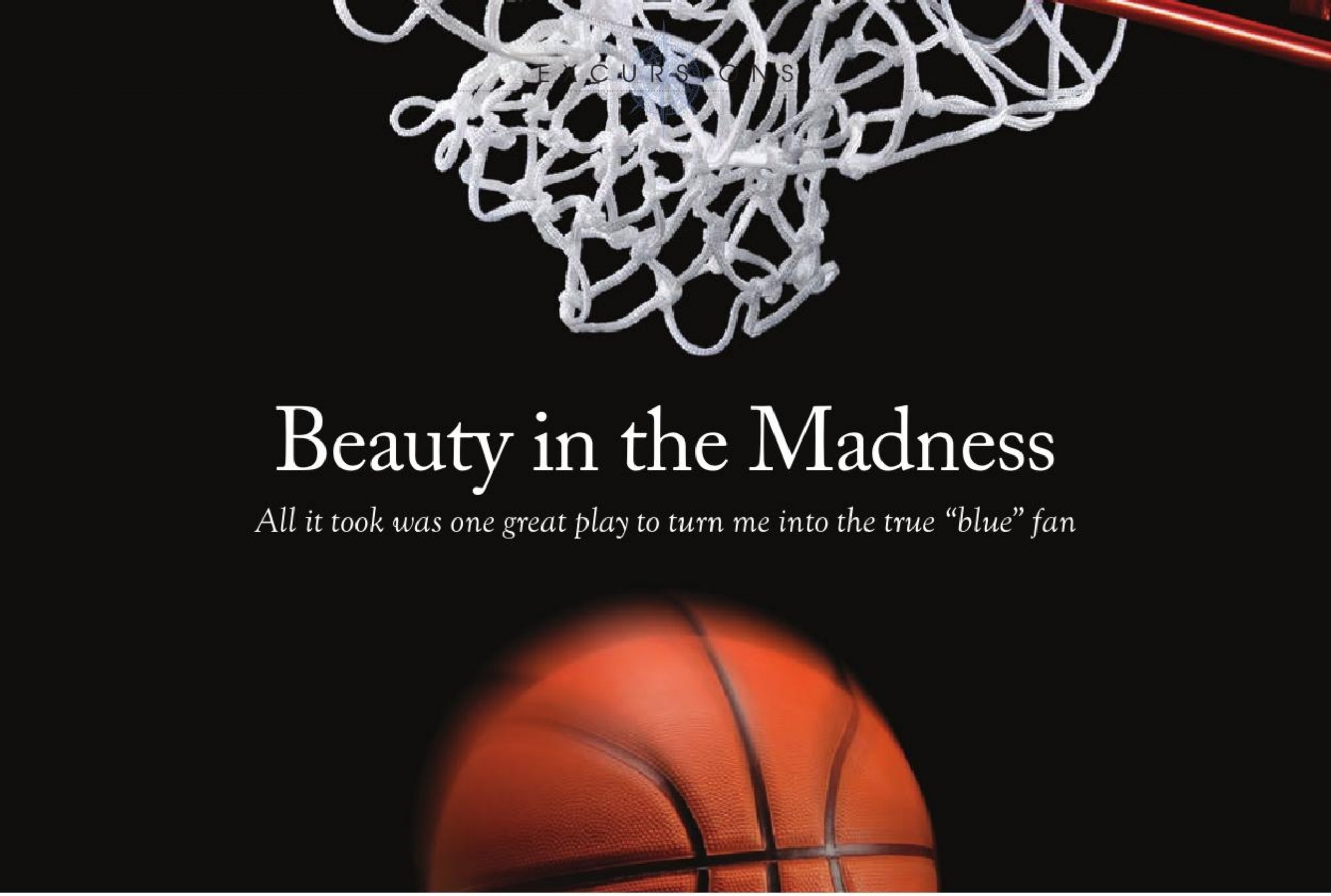
We're all familiar with the lumbering brown pelicans soaring just above the waves along our coast during warmer months. Most of our brown pelicans head farther south when the mercury drops, spending the colder months in Florida or the Gulf states. White pelicans, by comparison, are bigger, heavier birds primarily observed here during winter. They breed in wetlands far inland in the western United States and have only recently begun appearing in eastern North Carolina. Ten years ago it was a thrill to see just a few of these majestic birds around here over the course of a winter. Now it is almost expected to see a dozen or more in certain locations.

With their massive wingspan and black wing tips, white pelicans are unmistakable in flight. They're also one of the largest birds in North America, with huge orange bills, orange legs and distinctive webbed feet. Expert soarers, these big birds fly long distances in classic V-formation on mostly outstretched wings. The highly specialized pouch in their lower mandible allows them to capture and swallow large mouthfuls of their favorite food: small bait fish such as menhaden. But they are opportunistic feeders, consuming a variety of abundant aquatic prey depending on season and water depth.

Unlike brown pelicans, white pelicans do not dive — they dip and grab food items with their large mouths. Several individuals may group together to herd schools of fish into shallows, where they are easily scooped up by a line of birds. In addition to active fishing, white pelicans are also known to steal prey from each other and other seabirds, especially the double-crested cormorants with which they often associate. Although they are typically visual predators, routinely traveling dozens of miles a day for their next meal, these birds are known to forage at night during breeding season.

White pelican populations have rebounded significantly over the last half-century. Their numbers are up from the days when they were wrongly perceived as competing with commercial fishermen. But habitat loss and human disturbance are still issues they face today, especially on breeding grounds. For us here in southeastern North Carolina, it's a treat to see these majestic birds sharing the skies and waters with our more familiar white-feathered friends.

Susan would love to hear from you. Feel free to send questions or wildlife observations to her at susan@ncaves.com.



Beauty in the Madness

All it took was one great play to turn me into the true "blue" fan

By Virginia Holman

I first experienced what I've come to think of as the North Carolina rapture one lovely March day in 1991. I worked at a small publishing house in Chapel Hill, and on my lunch hour downtown, something felt off. The bustling little bakery I loved on Columbia Street didn't have a line, so I ducked in for a bowl of soup. My server was distracted, and three other employees were gathered around a portable television perched on the pastry counter. "What's going on?" I asked the cashier. He gave me a long, rather suspicious look. "Bas-ket-ball," he said as if speaking to a child. I shrugged.

As I drove back to work, I realized that the streets were rather sparsely populated; but I didn't put one and one together. When I returned, the office, normally a buzzing hive — phones ringing, first generation fax machines screeching like ten-decibel cicadas, editors cooing nervous or combative authors through revisions, divorces, and royalty statements, the relentlessly gossipy chatter of our cheerful publicist — was so quiet I could hear the second hand on my watch tick.

Then my officemate roared into the parking lot, slammed the back door, and thundered up the stairs, flush-faced and jubilant about this particular basketball game. (Scheduled, for some odd reason, in the middle of the day during the workweek.)

I was baffled. "You? Like basketball?" He wore sweater vests. He was a brilliant illustrator. He was married to a delightful librarian. He had spent the last month reading poems aloud to me over our office divider for an upcoming book. He didn't fit the profile, or what I then thought was the profile, of a basketball fan. (I was 23, and a Virginian still new to the Tar Heel State.)

"It's March Madness. How's your bracket doing?" He excavated one from the recycle bin and I stared at it. Then I randomly picked winners and losers and gave him five dollars for the office pool. I had absolutely no idea what I was doing, but it seemed I should, at least, play along.

That March, mini raptures occurred throughout town. It was the early 1990s, pre-Internet, so workers flocked to electronics stores to watch the games, or ran home at lunchtime, or called in sick with basketball fever. The faithful vanished, and the rest of us were left behind to wander.

As a non-basketball fan in North Carolina, I soon became lonely. So I began to make an effort. I hung out with friends and spent long afternoons eating chips and checking my watch as basketball games blared in the background. I studied the young athletes running up and down the court and listened to my friends talk about the plays. Their conversation seemed as inscrutable as astrophysics. I sometimes napped through a game, waking at the end to cheer or sulk with everyone else.

I came to understand that my basketball allegiance was of utmost

importance. My husband was finishing his Ph.D. at Duke on a full ride, so whenever people asked me "who's your team?" I said Duke, until I was met with so many explosive responses that I became wary of answering. People loved Duke or hated Duke, and in North Carolina many people equated you with your team. I was fairly indifferent about "my team" until we attended a Duke game at Cameron Stadium. Our seats were right beside the Cameron Crazies, that huge rowdy group of student fans. Normally, we couldn't afford seats, but this was an afternoon game against Brown, I think, or some other Northern Ivy-Leaguish school, and Duke was looking to boost attendance with cheap tickets. The wooden bleachers quaked as the Crazies stomped their feet, cheered, and chanted. At one point, the Crazies began chanting, "Yankee School! Yankee School!" at the players, which I found hilarious, given that most Duke students hailed from areas far above the Mason-Dixon Line.

I'd never attended a sporting event where the air seemed to vibrate with excitement. People screamed, fretted, scowled and cheered. Grown men hugged each other. One quiet, stoic instructor in my husband's department went berserk with each score, his arms flailing as he punched the air, his face flushed purple with excitement. It later occurred to me that I'd never been anywhere where so many people publicly displayed their emotions. Basketball games, I began to understand, were sanctioned areas where people could outwardly express pure raw passion. Later, I came to understand that I'd glimpsed something rather profound.

Even so, I never became a rabid fan of basketball. Not like a true-blue North Carolinan. I don't follow all the games, but I now know how to fill out a respectable bracket, and I get excited each year as the Final Four approaches. I lose my husband and son to the television when the tournament starts, which gives me some time to do "girl stuff" like visit Cameron Art Museum and the local mani-pedi salon. Yet I always return for the Final Four, sweating it out when a game is in overtime, cursing like a gangster at an idiotic play, and consoling my guys when our team loses.

I suppose if there was a moment of basketball conversion for me, it was in 1992. You know the game, Duke versus Kentucky, the brutal game that seemed lost to Duke in overtime, until Grant Hill threw the ball the length of the court as the clock ran out and Christian Laettner (love him or hate him) caught it, dribbled once, and nailed the shot — the greatest, most beautiful shot ever seen in the history of the tournament; the shot that still gives me goosebumps. It was awe-inspiring, that play, like watching a brilliant comet streak across the night sky.

Each Final Four I return to the flock of faithful basketball fans. I wonder, could it happen again, such a miraculous play? Might I once again be transported? So I join together with the other fans to watch, and wait, and hope.

Author Virginia Holman teaches in the creative writing department at UNC Wilmington and occasionally guides with Kayak Carolina.

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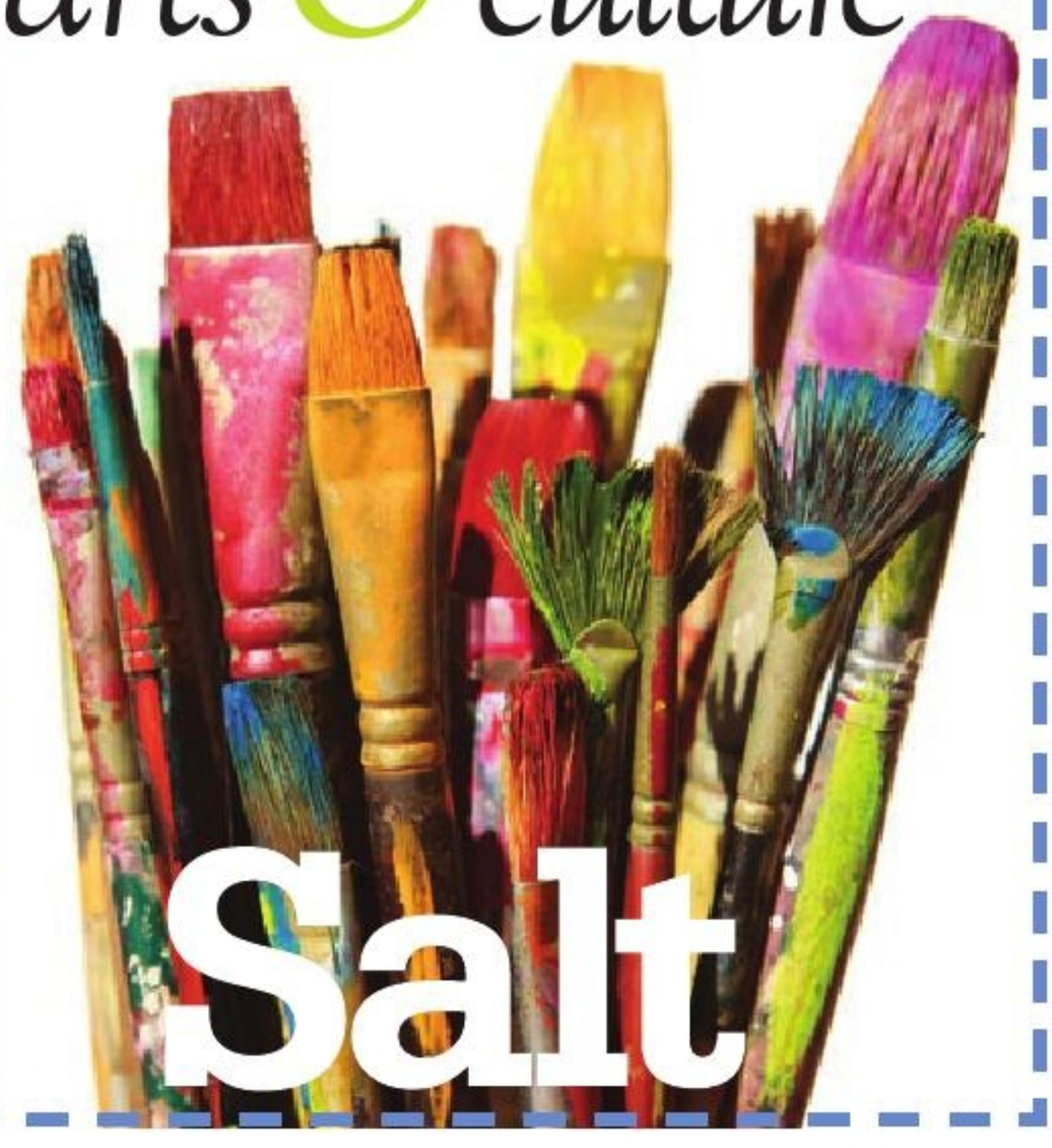

Salt

Monet's Water Lily Pond at Giverny

I feel the colors
break into strokes

as you brush
a lock of hair

from your forehead:
reveries take over

the landscape:
streams of steady

visitors bloom
lilies I cannot squander,

even as sleep
breaks upon the lawn

and the poplar leaves
rumple brown

and yellow
plainly around you,

the poet's bench
casting its shadow

away from the bridge,
the sales of note-cards,

haystacks, sunsets,
a green dress,

oils, completions
among minnows

and carp, a redbreast
or two love dops.

–Shelby Stephenson

Port City Primer

A dozen little-known historic facts about greater Wilmington

By Susan Taylor Block

Wilmington's history aficionados have long had their shelf of prized local history books, but today, presto! Everyone's a historian. New books emerge annually to remind the old-timers and educate newcomers about the place we call home. Tourists add to the book market and people the multitude of tours now available. But maybe — just maybe — there are at least a dozen things that everyone doesn't already know about this city.

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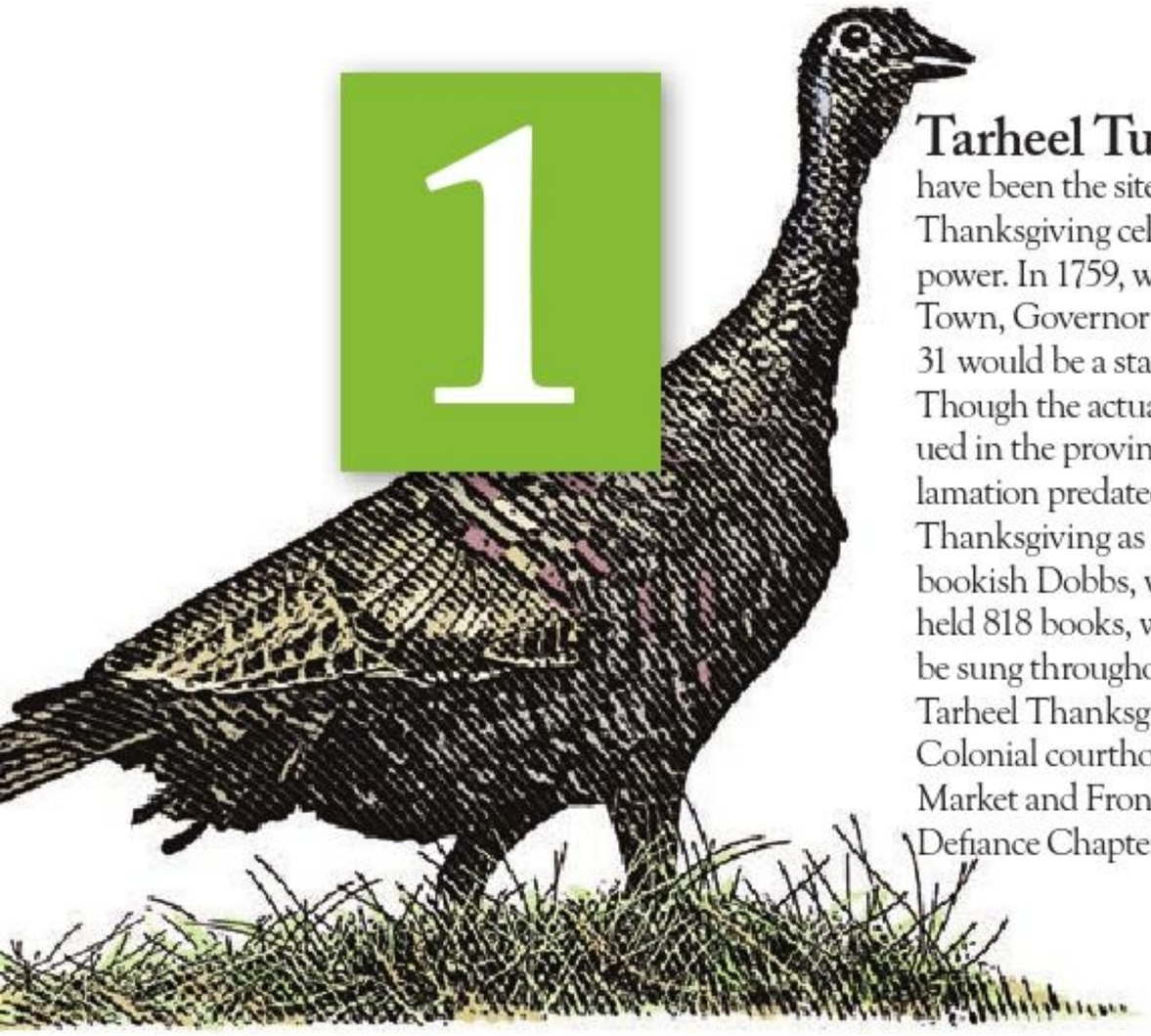


Tarheel Turkey Day: Wilmington may have been the site of the first government-proclaimed Thanksgiving celebration in America with any staying power. In 1759, writing from his home in Brunswick Town, Governor Arthur Dobbs declared that October 31 would be a state holiday of "solemn Thanksgiving." Though the actual day varied, the tradition was continued in the province for several years. Gov. Dobbs' proclamation predated President Lincoln's establishment of Thanksgiving as a national holiday by 104 years. The bookish Dobbs, whose personal library in Brunswick held 818 books, wrote a twelve-verse hymn that was to be sung throughout North Carolina on that first official Tarheel Thanksgiving. The first service was held at the Colonial courthouse, which sat at the intersection of Market and Front streets. (DAR Scrapbook, Stamp Defiance Chapter)

2

Swampy Secret: Holly Shelter Swamp, near Hampstead, is a topographical enigma. Its waters range from places so deep they defy measurement, to sudden shelves of shallowness where a person might take refuge during the Revolutionary era. Holly Shelter's unusual features helped save the life of Col. Samuel Ashe, who along with Cornelius Harnett, Col. Alexander Lillington and Col. Alfred Moore was among the most undaunted of Cape Fear's Patriots. Clever and bold, they strategized and razzed their way to the pinnacle of most situations.

There used to be a small island near the middle of the swamp and close to the head of the creek. Col. Ashe built a cabin there and furnished it with everything he might need in a military emergency. By foot, the cabin could be reached only by a stepping stone series of cypress stumps located just below the creek's surface. Secret clues helped Ashe's friends find their watery footing, but when the British attempted an ambush, they were caught off guard. Ashe slipped away from them, but, tragically, his constant African-American attendee, an elderly slave named Peter, endured unspeakable torture before giving his life to keep the secret of his master's hiding place from the British. (*Sartain's Union Magazine*, Volume VII)

3

Sunrise, Sunset: Wilmington's Sunset Park neighborhood holds many little-known facts. As late as 1912, remnants of a Revolutionary War fortress existed at the western end of Northern Boulevard, where dunes and positioning provided an exceptional view of the Cape Fear River. In 1918, World War I disrupted development plans to build a pricey neighborhood that would sprawl from the shore of Greenfield Lake to the river's edge. Donald MacRae, who resided at 25 South Third Street, contacted Lincoln Memorial architect Henry Bacon, who designed his residence, to recommend an architect adept at suburban housing. Bacon recommended Oswald G. Herring because of his previous work in England and America. Forty-four houses were planned. In the 1920s, large hills that lined the river began to disappear, but some Wilmingtonians, like Gladys McIver, still remember them. Another Sunset Park surprise emerged in 1929, when Mrs. George A. Biddle established a riding school at 301 Central Boulevard. (Bill Reaves Files, New Hanover County Public Library) (Photograph courtesy of the New Hanover County Public Library Photograph Collection)

4

Queen of the Bucket Brigade:

Wilmington's Kenan family has been chronicled in many publications, but few people know that Louise Wise Lewis, niece of wealthy widow Mary Lily Kenan, served in a bucket brigade. On June 26, 1917, the Seashore Hotel at Wrightsville Beach caught fire at 10 p.m. The bucket brigade continued its work until about 2 a.m. "I saw Mrs. Lewis wading into the (Banks) channel, and dipping the buckets in as she was wet nearly up to her knees," wrote Benjamin Franklin Hall the next morning. The Hall house, built in 1894, burned, but many cottages, including the Northrop one, were saved due to the diligence of the bucket brigade. After the crisis was over, Mrs. Lewis invited Mr. Hall and his large household to be her guests at her own cottage nearby, until they could make other arrangements. (Benjamin Franklin Hall, to his children, James, Sue and Jess. June 27, 1919. Lower Cape Fear Historical Society) (Photograph courtesy of the New Hanover County Public Library Photograph Collection)

5

Upstairs, Downstairs at Landfall:

About 1947, a local history lover took several tours of Pembroke Jones's "bungalow" on the 2,200-acre hunting estate known today as Landfall. The Italianate mansion was completed in 1908 and destroyed by arsonists in 1955. The road to the bungalow was covered in clamshells that Jones's friend Henry Walters shipped by rail from Baltimore. A stately bridge, slightly curved, spanned a ravine along the way. Each corner of the bridge boasted a tall Ionic colonnade, and the balustrade of the bridge matched that of the house. The lodge's great room was paneled in black walnut. Each bedroom had its own fireplace. The building had an English-style basement, partly underground, where the servants' quarters were housed. There, a variety of call buttons could alert servants to various needs above-ground. Huge oval entrances led to the dining room and solarium, adorned with a marble fountain that sprayed a fine mist. The solarium's heavy glass ceiling was fortified with chicken wire, and brackets held artwork. The draperies were made of heavy brown velvet. The walls were oyster white. (Author's interview with John Debnam and Peg Rorison) (Photograph courtesy of the New Hanover County Public Library Photograph Collection)

6

Goat Music:

Wilmingtonian Margaret "Peg" Rorison grew up at Clarendon Plantation, a private estate in Brunswick County that is currently owned by Rachel Pace. Though now a nonagenarian, Peg still has crisp memories of waking up to the sound of goats' hooves clinking loudly on tiles made of heavy tin. All the goats in the herd were white. The tiles had once formed the roofs of Clarendon's slave quarters. The small frame structures had disintegrated decades earlier, but the fragmented tiles endured. They lay there like a Colonial keyboard, just waiting for high-stepping goats to perform their poignant melodies. (Author's interview with Peg Rorison)

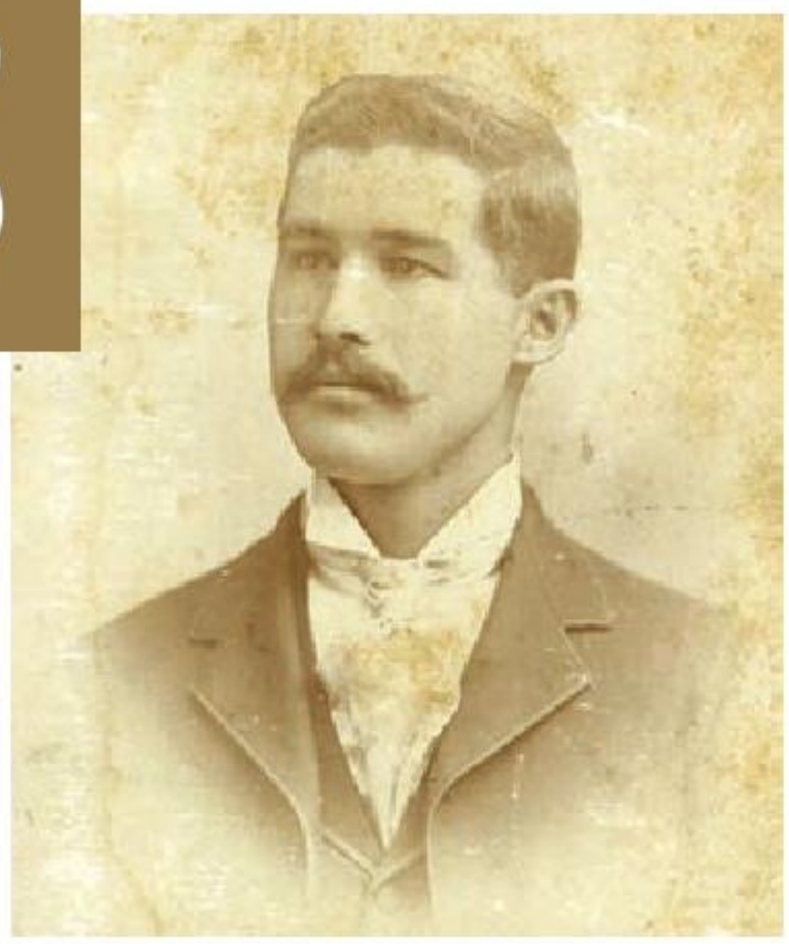
7

Staff Prisoners: The United Daughters of the Confederacy founded Wilmington's first museum, a two-room institution that evolved into today's expansive Cape Fear Museum. It was located high up, on the third floor of the 1924 New Hanover County Courthouse Annex building, designed by architect Leslie N. Boney, Sr. The county jail sat on the top floor. Prisoners who exhibited good behavior were utilized as elevator operators, which created an eyebrow-raising situation for first-time visitors to the UDC Museum. (Photograph courtesy of the New Hanover County Public Library Photograph Collection)

8

A Sad Chapter Revealed:

On December 1, 1898, Alexander Manly, editor of Wilmington's *The Record* newspaper, addressed a mostly female and black New York audience at Association Hall on Fulton Street, in Brooklyn. The horror of Wilmington's race riot of 1898 was still fresh in his mind as he spoke of Wilmington as having been, previous to the coup, "one of the most peaceful cities in the South." Then he spoke with a conflagration of emotion on the Wilmington of rifles and machine guns, threats and murder. As reported by the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* the following day: "When his speech was over, the crowd cheered to the echo." Several black clergyman, all members of the Society of Sons of North Carolina, were present. One of them, the Rev. W. D. Cook, stated: "This building should be filled to overflowing, not alone by colored people, but by every man who loves the Stars and Stripes, and is opposed to mob violence. My advice to you is to keep cool. God has always been on the side of the oppressed." Afterward, a collection was taken up to finance the move of Manly's parents to the "North." (*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, December 2, 1898)



9

Standard Land Baron:

Standard Oil co-founder Henry Flagler visited Brunswick County as early as 1885, when he considered buying Smith Island, known today as Bald Head. Instead, he purchased a large chunk of sleepy Florida, where he built the 540-room Ponce de León Hotel and transformed a small existing railroad into the Florida East Coast Railway. In 1903, Henry Flagler spent time again in Brunswick County, where he visited a close friend, Frederic Kidder.

10

11. Can-Can Do:

Mayor Ellis L. White, Dr. Auley MacRae Crouch, Dr. W. Houston Moore, Walter Storm, N. E. Drexler, and John N. Alexius daringly can-canned their way through a benefit performance, about 1944. Dr. Houston Moore did more than his share to benefit the city: He helped save and beautify Greenfield Lake as public property, served as first and strongest president of the Wilmington Housing Authority, and conceived and helped promote the idea of the North Carolina Azalea Festival. (Photograph courtesy of Mary Houston Gaston, Dr. Moore's granddaughter)

11

Sally White Cake:

On January 14, 1936, the *Wilmington Star* broke exciting news to Port City cooks: The much-loved Sally White cake had a tie to Cape Fear. Rose Marie White, wife of Mayor Ellis L. White, was the granddaughter of Sally White. Sally, who married William Eugene Mayo, moved from Philadelphia to Wilmington in 1867. The recipe had been in her grandmother's family since her days as a single girl. Sally White Mayo shared the recipe with two women known to be superior cooks. One was Mrs. Preston Spriggs, whose husband worked as a beloved and distinguished sexton of St. James Church. The other was Millie Jones, who served as longtime cook to the Edward Kidder family at 101 South Third Street. Between membership of St. James and the lengthy guest list attached to frequent midnight feasts at the Kidder House, the Sally White cake was launched in Wilmington. Today, it is still a favorite in many dining rooms. Only if you have been involved, or merely overheard a disagreement as to the "real recipe," can you appreciate this entry. Here are the cooking instructions, that, by 1936, had been enjoyed by four generations of Sally White Mayo's family. You can view it as a recipe, or as an over-the-kitchen-counter sedative:

Sally White Cake

"1 pound flour, 1 pound butter, 10 large eggs, 1 pound granulated sugar, 1 pound of blanched and finely cut almonds, 1 pound grated coconut, 1–2 teaspoon mace, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon orange extract, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1 small orange peel ground. This cake is baked two hours in moderate oven. When cold is sprinkled occasionally with sherry."

12

Radio Times:

Wilmington's first radio station was located in the Southern Building, on the Southwest corner of Front and Chesnut streets. The A. B. Blake radio and hardware company handled the technicalities. The first broadcast took place on February 20, 1924, when Mayor John H. Cowan addressed the city. The Carolinians performed live music. The songs included "Down on the Farm" and "Take Those Lips Away." Listeners had to be careful in catching the airwaves: The station only operated on Wednesday nights, beginning at 8 p.m.

A Fresh Perspective

A pair of groundbreaking markets bring real produce to communities that need them most

By Lindsay Kastner · Photographs by Mark Steelman

Beneath two oak trees dripping with Spanish moss, Joan Johnson and Justin Brantley pop up a plastic folding table and begin methodically arranging boxes of apples and sweet potatoes alongside hefty glass jars of golden honey and pickled chow-chow.

Heads of cabbage and broccoli are positioned beside a large pile of turnip greens, and hydroponic heirloom tomatoes in sunset hues are placed in the foreground.

Aside from the apples, which come from Virginia, everything here was locally grown or produced and harvested within the last couple of days.

But this is neither a roadside country produce stand nor an upscale market catering to shoppers with money to burn on trendy, farm-fresh foods. Rather, this market is a rare source of local, affordable and mostly organic produce for some of Wilmington's lowest-income residents.

Surrounded by public housing about a mile east of downtown, the Rankin Terrace market is one of two "fresh markets" started by local non-profit Feast Down East, a collective of small-scale local farmers. The other is in the Hillcrest community, at the corner of Thirteenth and Mears streets. Both are located on Wilmington Housing Authority property in what are known as "food deserts" — areas with scarce access to fresh food.

When the Fresh Market at Rankin Terrace first opened in 2011, grocery shopping was typically an hours-long ordeal for residents relying on public transportation.

"The city bus would go down to the store, but it didn't come (directly) back up from the store," explained Johnson, who in addition to operating the fresh market is also president of the Rankin Terrace Tenants' Association. "It would go around to Market Street and then around downtown before it came back. It was a long process, like four or five hours."

Eventually, the transit authority adjusted its routes, making a trip to the store less time-consuming.

"Still, it's a long process," Johnson said as she manned the fresh market on an unusually balmy December morning.

Instead of taking the bus to a grocery store, Johnson explained that many residents shop at small traditional corner stores where their only options are canned or processed foods "full of salt and additives."

Enter the launch of the fresh markets.

"Increasingly, we got concerned that the local food movement was for people with discretionary funds," said Leslie Hossfeld, president and co-founder of Feast Down East. "It became a middle-class movement."

Wanting to help more people have access to healthy food, Hossfeld spearheaded the Rankin Terrace market. The Fresh Market at Hillcrest arrived in 2014, and a related program delivers boxes of fresh produce to two other Housing Authority properties.

"It's a reliable source of food at a reasonable price," Hossfeld said. "Feast Down East isn't getting any markup, we're just moving food."

The markets operate via a partnership between Feast Down East and the Housing Authority. Feast Down East provides produce and some prepared foods (such as chow-chow), and Housing Authority residents help run the markets.

"I don't know of any other program like this statewide," said Jane Steigerwald, executive director of Feast Down East.

Open year-round, Rankin Terrace and Hillcrest are also the only such markets in the Wilmington area that accept EBT/SNAP benefits, or what used to be known as food stamps.

The next closest community farmers markets to accept EBT/SNAP are in Onslow and Columbus counties, Steigerwald said.

Though they are designed to benefit low-income residents, both fresh markets are open to the public and, indeed, many shoppers live outside the immediate market neighborhoods.

On this day, Cape Fear Community College student Derrick Boston glides up on his bike, removing his ear buds to chat about apple varieties with Brantley, an AmeriCorps VISTA service member who runs the two markets alongside resident leaders.

Boston lives about a mile east of Rankin Terrace, but often stops on his way to class to pick up fresh fruit.

"I try to bring some jingly with me so I can buy some food," he said, as he purchases two apples at $1

per pound. "I try to eat real food and this is the best place to get it."

The future of the markets depends on sales volume, so Steigerwald said she encourages patrons of all walks.

Since their inception, the markets and produce box programs have accounted for the sale of more than 7,700 pounds of affordable produce, 23 percent of which was paid for with EBT/SNAP cards.

In addition, the effort has a strong education component, which includes everything from handing out recipes featuring market produce to offering well-attended cooking and nutrition classes for Housing Authority residents. UNC Wilmington interns organize the classes, bringing in local chefs and health professionals for sessions that extend for several weeks.

"We'll be able to really outreach to a large number of households" over time, Steigerwald said.

Community leaders have been involved every step of the way, she points out, adding that residents of low-income neighborhoods are often rightfully skeptical of outsiders professing to know what's best for their communities.

"You can't just go into a community and set up a farmers market — or any program — and be accepted without that line of communication," she said.

At the Rankin Terrace market, where Johnson and Brantley have worked together for some time, the pair has fallen into a comfortable division of labor. Brantley bags vegetables, handles payments and logs each transaction. Johnson functions as salesperson, calling out to passersby, sharing tips for making cinnamon-spiked baked apples and homemade broccoli casserole, and talking up the produce on offer that week.

When Housing Authority employee Jordana Chadwick starts to buy apples and broccoli, Johnson gently chides her for passing over the ruffle-edged turnip greens.

"You're not going to try the turnips?" Johnson asks. "You know you could freeze them and save them for Christmas."

Chadwick leaves with eight bunches.

When deciding what to bring to market, organizers strive to strike a balance between perennially popular items — such as muscadine grapes and collard greens — and other less familiar foods.

"We try to accommodate their tastes, but also to introduce new foods," Steigerwald said.

Over the years, certain foods like kale have slowly become more popular, but Steigerwald conceded not every new introduction is a success.

"We don't really send kohlrabi anymore."

Open year round, the Fresh Market at Rankin Terrace (corner of Twelfth and Rankin) is open Friday, from 10 a.m. – 12 p.m.; Fresh Market at Hillcrest (corner of Thirteenth and Mears) is open Friday, from 1:30–4 p.m. For more information, visit www.feastdowneast.org.

Lindsay Kastner is a longtime reporter on an endless quest for the perfect brownie. She writes about food and family at pleasepassthepeas.com.

Easter Baskets of the Cape Fear

By Serena Brown · Photographs by John Gessner

Not long ago, we had a lively staff discussion about ancient Easter rituals, hoping to find a way to have a little fun and freshen up the holiday's most unabashedly commercial tradition of the Easter basket. As we were fascinated to learn, the Easter basket celebration actually has spiritual roots in early medieval times when it was customary, with the coming of spring, to set out baskets typically used to carry bread and cheese and other staples of life, filled instead with early seedlings meant for the fertility goddess Eostre (or Ostara) — a move designed to increase the chance of a good grain harvest.

According to pagan legend, the highly mobile fertility goddess bore her own basket filled of eggs and other goodies as she traveled o'er the world with the spring dawn, signifying new life, rebirth and nature's renewal, a tradition adopted by the early Christian church to symbolize the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The idea of a mythical Easter hare that brings good things is also deeply rooted in German folklore. According to this tradition, a white hare would leave Easter baskets filled with candles, candies, brightly colored eggs and sweetbreads meant for children of all ages to enjoy on Easter morning.

Perhaps encouraged by the success of their earlier invention, the Christmas tree, crafty, 19th-century German settlers brought the Easter Bunny tradition with them to America — where it spread, well, rather like rabbits in romance, if you get our drift.

Anyway, inspired by these traditions, we opened the floor of ideas, whereupon one nostalgic staffer suddenly lamented, "Why can't EVERYONE receive a basket filled candy and grown-up goodies on Easter Morning? Nobody is too old for a personal Easter basket!"

Truthfully, we couldn't disagree — which opened up a whole new lively discussion on what sort of goodies each of us would like in our own custom-made Easter basket, which in turn led us to wonder what the Easter baskets of notable North Carolinians — sadly gone but still with us in name and spirit — would wish for in THEIR baskets. See what happens when grown-ups get into the candy eggs?

Even so, we think the Great White Traveling Hare and the Goddess Eostre would both approve.

Andy Griffith

Most people will forever associate Andy Griffith with Mayberry, but the well-informed bunny knows that Griffith really lived in Manteo. So the bunny put some postcards in his basket. But he didn't forget Mayberry — for old time's sake he added a model of the sheriff's car and some *Andy Griffith Show* trading cards. "Well now, take down your fishin' pole and meet me at the fishin' hole," as Griffith's song goes. He'll be equipped with vintage lures and a spinning reel, and he has old-fashioned candy for snacking. If he feels like singin' and playin' while he's fishin', there's an antique ukulele. His own Christmas ornament can nod and sing along.

Blackbeard

Our most famous pirate surely wants an East Carolina shirt. The bunny knows he roots for the Pirates. He also knows that a man in the pirating business needs a lot of firepower, so two cannons should be very useful. A new gold earring and a pair of skull and crossbones socks will keep him up to his high sartorial standards, helped along by a disposable lighter for firing up the matches under his hat. There are provisions for his ship — beef jerky will make a welcome change from salt horse. Limes of course, to keep the scurvy away. Rope for swinging up onto captured decks. But ultimately what any pirate worth his salt wants is booty, so there's gold galore and pieces of eight. And a yo ho ho and a bottle of (Octopus) rum.

Virginia Dare

The bunny thinks the first European baby born in the New World is as daring as her name. She needs sunblock for her delicate English complexion in the harsh Outer Banks climate. There's a pair of Bean boots in her basket for scrambling through difficult virgin terrain, and some binoculars, a survival guide and a local gardening book to help her hunt and grow the food she needs. There's candy corn for planting as well as eating, and a silver cup for dipping into springs. When she puts her boots up in front of the campfire she can peruse a copy of *Searching for Virginia Dare*, perhaps puzzle out that existential problem herself while gazing at the stars through her binoculars. Last and certainly not least, there's a knife for carving information of her whereabouts into trees.

Charles Kuralt

Wilmington-born CBS news anchor Kuralt is perhaps most famous for his life *On the Road*. So there's a United States map in his basket to try to keep him on the right track. The bunny added a cup from his alma mater, UNC, thinking it will be handy for the journey. There's a Tar Heels hat as well to keep the sun out of his eyes. Always dapper, some new bow ties from Gentlemen's Corner will be just the thing for broadcasting no matter where he may find himself.

Home All Along

Eventually, a house on the fringe of Forest Hills won the hearts of its resident doctors

By Ashley Wahl · Photographs by Rick Ricozzi

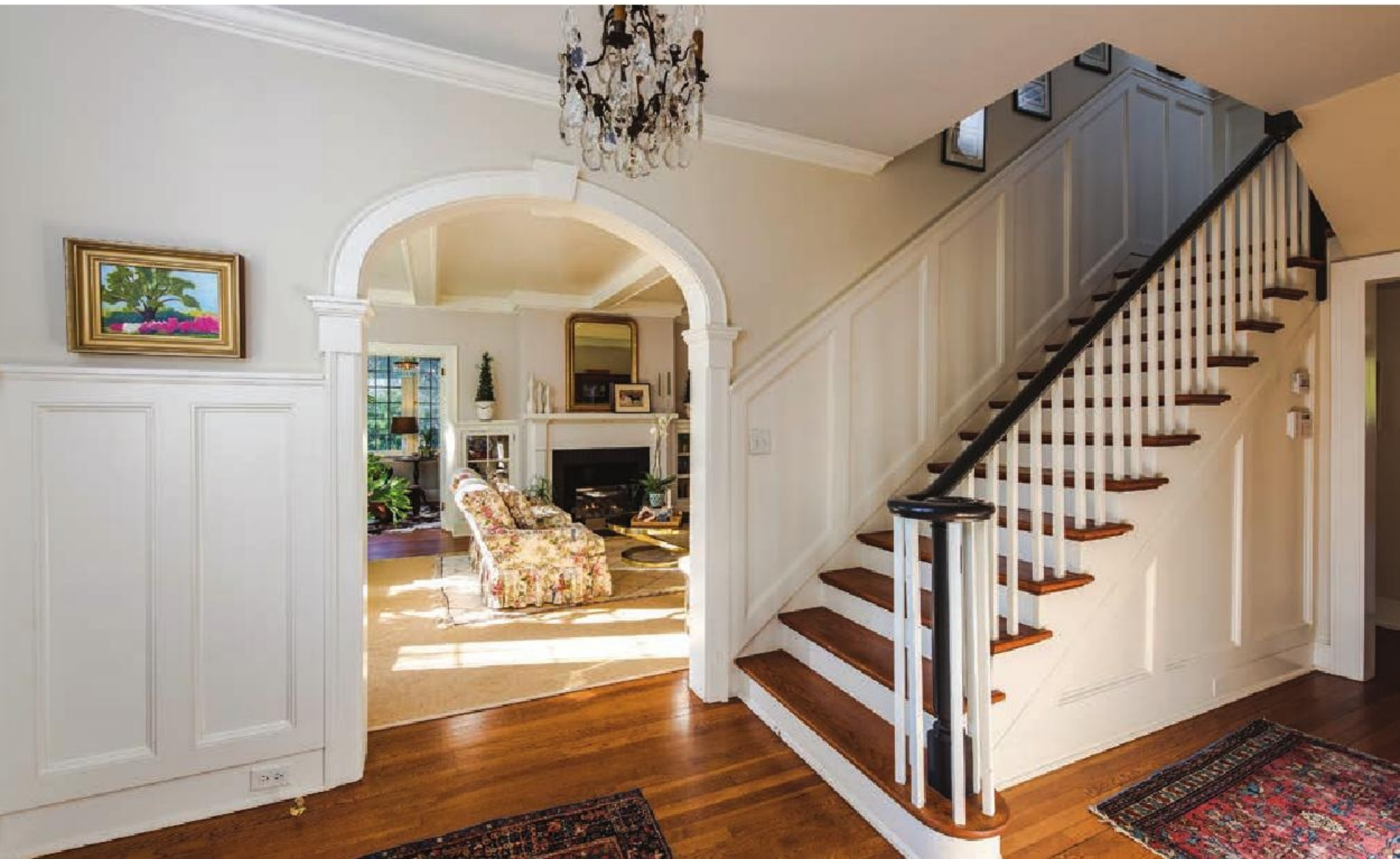
If the old chestnut about kitchens is true, then the white stucco Tudor on Oleander Drive needed a shiny new heart — a spacious room to serve as the center of a quasi-English, quasi-modern house that accidentally became home for two resident doctors and their now-teenage sons.

"When we decided to move to Wilmington, there wasn't a lot on the market," says Dr. Elizabeth "Betsy" von Biberstein, the stylish blonde standing behind the Miele stove in a bright, German-designed kitchen defined by crisp, clean lines and unobstructed light.

When the tea kettle whistles, Poseidon stirs, lifting his yellow Lab head from the gleaming oak floor before settling down again.

As Betsy pours steaming water into white ceramic mugs, she begins the story of how she and her cardiologist husband, Dr. Frank A. Hobart, wound up buying and renovating a house they did not even consider the first time they saw it.

It had "elegant bones," says the ENT surgeon of the storybook peach on the fringe of Forest Hills. Built circa 1932, the house with the steeply pitched cross gable roof first belonged to a Turkish woman who taught French lessons in the living room, then to renowned sports artist Bill Purdom.



Inside, three bedrooms, original oak flooring, plaster walls and wood-burning fireplaces, plus charming casement windows, a spacious backyard, and a detached garage with alley entrance. But the location — across the street from the iconic brick Oleander Court apartments, cars whooshing by on the busy stretch between Hawthorne and South Live Oak — caused Betsy and Frank to eliminate it from the realm of possibilities before they even saw the interior and, yes, the breadbox of a kitchen.

They walked in, they walked out, they kept looking. And when they didn't find a house they liked better, they returned to the English gem on Oleander Drive.

"We thought it might be fun to live here for a year or two until we could find a house that really wowed us," says Betsy, now sipping English breakfast tea on a West Elm sofa in the keeping room (common room) adjacent to kitchen.

They bought the house in 1999 and, for years, continued searching.

Surprisingly, the bustle of Oleander Drive wasn't all that noticeable from inside.

Besides, "Every other house we found felt like a lateral move," says Betsy.

And so in 2005, they decided to renovate, adding square footage (including a contemporary kitchen, keeping room, second staircase and master suite) to the back of the house, converting the original kitchen into a Butler's pantry, installing modern appliances, designing a handsome three-car garage that resembles an English stable, and, ultimately, creating the home of their dreams — a quasi-English, quasi-modern house that continues to dazzle them.

In the keeping room, where a pair of velvet Milo Baughman chairs and a beige cowhide rug are situated in front of a gas fireplace, back windows look out to geometric landscaping, an outdoor living space and the small guest cottage (Bill Purdom's former art studio) where Betsy, Frank and the boys lived during the eighteen-month renovation.

"It felt like living on a boat," recalls Betsy, noting how sweet it was to experience a "pared-down life" in such close quarters with her young family. "You get very used to it."

As Poseidon moseys from the kitchen to the keeping room, Betsy flashes back to med school, 1989, where she met Frank at East Carolina University.

"It was exam week," says Betsy. "I was studying and he asked if he could sit with me."

Turns out they had more than education in common. They're

both from small towns. They both love adventure. And, despite their traditional and outdoorsy upbringings, they have strikingly similar modern tastes.

"I grew up with antiques, silver, needlepoint," says Betsy, whose lawyer father and homemaking mother still live in the Burgaw ranch of her childhood. Frank's parents, former educators whose first drop leaf kitchen table now outfits the guest cottage, live in Smithfield, where Frank grew up camping and adventuring with his older brother.

After ECU, residencies and fellowships took Betsy and Frank to Connecticut, where they fell in love with skiing, then Atlanta.

"When we were trying to decide where we ultimately wanted to live," says Betsy, "we both knew we wanted to be on the coast, in the South."

Their firstborn, Adams, was 9 months old when they landed in Wilmington.

"Frank wanted to buy a Frank Lloyd Wright-type of house," says Betsy, "but there was nothing like that available."

"Modern everything is just a little too cold for me," she adds.

They credit designer Kathryn Ross (formerly with Lisle Architecture and Design) and contractor Walt Cartier of Cartier Construction for helping them incorporate their favorite elements of modern design while simultaneously honoring the authenticity of the original structure. The result? A blended yet cohesive style unique to the homeowners.

Betsy's love of mid-century Modern and contemporary design is expressed through Eames chairs at the dinette, David Hicks hexagon wallpaper in the upstairs guest bath, various Milo Baughman pieces in the keeping and dining rooms, and, of course, the Poggenpohl kitchen.

"I love juxtaposition," says Betsy, point made by Louis Philippe-era mirrors and French and Belgian chandeliers adorning the decidedly more formal rooms that make up the home's original footprint.

Upstairs, Adams, now 17, and Finch, 15, share the original master suite, although they're just as likely to be downstairs playing Xbox in the den or practicing violin in the sunny music room.

Across the hall from the boys' room (lime colored walls, cowhide rug, antler chandelier, original fireplace), a guest room is outfitted with twin beds, Frank's great-grandmother's trousseau, and an heirloom rocking chair that once belonged to Frank's great-great-grandfather and namesake.

"One of the quirky things about this house is that to go from the front to the back you have to go through the laundry room," says Betsy, who had no qualms about converting an original upstairs bedroom into a spacious laundry corridor.

CHARLOTTE
HORNETS
HORNETS
TNT
FIREWORKS
TNTFireworks.com

Inside the master suite, added to the back of the house during the renovation, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe Barcelona chairs are situated at the foot of a four-poster Christian Liaigre bed, and portraits of Adams and Finch, both at age three-and-a-half, decorate the walls.

Pointing to a pair of engraved English sleigh chairs in front of the gas fireplace, Betsy adds, "These are original to the house."

As is the clawfoot tub, now in the "modern English country" master bath.

Above the three-car drive-through garage, connected to the house by a simple breezeway, is a finished apartment with a "gaming space" for the boys.

"But they've taken over the house instead."

Seems like just yesterday the kids were playing soccer in the backyard, says Betsy, a space made even larger when they bought the property next door.

"This was a great birthday party house."

And the more she thinks about it, the more certain Betsy is that this house is still perfect for them.

"There are definitely changes we'd still like to make, but our style is constantly evolving."

Indeed, their hearts reside here after all.

ALMANAC

March

By Rosetta Fawley

Peanut Gallery

March is National Peanut Month. The nut part is something of a misnomer. Peanuts are in fact legumes, edible seeds that grow in pods – the same family as beans and, of course, peas. They originated in South America, from where they traveled with trade over the whole world. North Carolina is writ large in their North American history. Rumor has it there is a record of a Royal Society paper that originated with a Dr. Brownrigg in Edenton, who was experimenting with peanut oil extraction in 1769.

Peanuts provided food supplies for African-American slaves being transported over the Atlantic, and in turn African-American cooks incorporated the peanut into Southern cuisine.

Commercial farming of peanuts flourished in North Carolina during the nineteenth century, as exemplified at plantations such as Poplar Grove in Wilmington, from where peanuts were shipped all over the world.

What is more delicious than fresh peanut butter from homegrown peanuts? The Almanac challenges anyone to return to store-bought after experiencing such a thing. And as we now know, peanuts thrive here, so why not plant some in this year's garden?

The Virginia variety is best suited to North Carolina. It needs 130–150 days of sun, so if you're impatient to start this month, begin your seeds indoors in case of late frost. They prefer a sandy, well-drained soil, and they fix their own nitrogen, so you won't need much fertilizer; just dig a little compost into the soil before you plant them out. Be patient. In time small yellow flowers will appear close to ground level; they will drop pegs down to the soil, and there the pods will grow underground. Amazing.

Check your seed packet for the appropriate harvesting time. When you have dug them up, leave the plants to dry in the sun for a week. Then start podding. You'll have had about four months to decide how to cook your peanuts. Or you can just eat them from the pod. Yum.

Equal Family Time

In North Carolina the spring or vernal equinox falls on March 20. This is the point at which the sun is positioned vertically over the Equator, resulting in days and nights of equal length all over the world. In Japan the equinox is called Shunbun no Hi and is a national holiday. The day is a celebration of nature and all living things. Traditionally, family ancestors were also celebrated at the time of the equinox, and so the holiday is often a time of family reunions. March 20 is a Sunday; let's take a leaf from the Japanese book and make it a day of family garden time.

"'In THAT direction,' the Cat said, waving its right paw round, 'lives a Hatter: and in THAT direction,' waving the other paw, 'lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad.'

'But I don't want to go among mad people,' Alice remarked.

'Oh, you can't help that,' said the Cat: 'we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.'

'How do you know I'm mad?' said Alice.

'You must be,' said the Cat, 'or you wouldn't have come here.'"

From *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll

Good Dogwood

Does anything suggest spring more than the flowering of a dogwood? *Cornus florida*, the tree that bears our state flower, is a treasure. Not only is it gorgeous year-round, but also those sumptuous fall berries help sustain the birds through the colder months.

Early spring is the ideal time to plant bare rooted or burlapped dogwoods in moist, loamy soil. Keep in mind that growing wild in the woods they are an under story tree, meaning they grow in the shade of larger trees – they can make it in full sun but will require more TLC and regular watering to prevent heat stress. Remember too that the dogwood's roots are very shallow and wide-ranging; they appreciate a thin layer of mulch spread from about three inches from the trunk to the edge of the drip zone. Try to avoid competition from grass and other plants in the root area.

According to Appalachian popular legend, Jesus's cross was fashioned from dogwood. The tree was so anguished by its purpose that Jesus comforted it by promising that never again would dogwoods grow large enough to be used with such cruelty. And sure enough, now the dogwood is a slight, elegant little tree. If yours doesn't grow very tall, it's blessed.

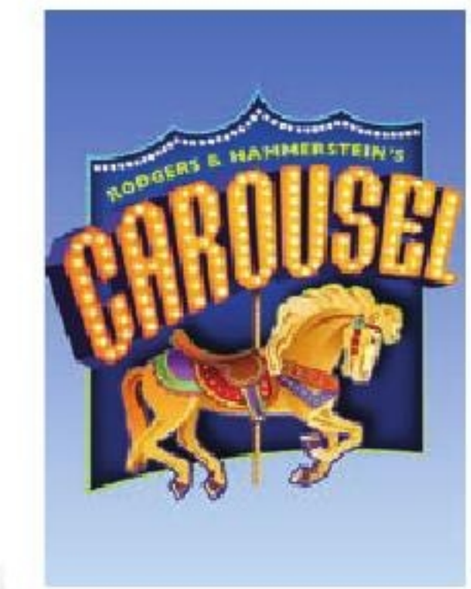
Arts Calendar

High-energy gospel music

3/1

Craft and international beer tasting

3/5



Local musical theater

3/4-6

3/1 Jones Family Singers
7:30 p.m. This three-generation gospel collective's high-energy performances infuse joyful, reverent songs with elements of vintage soul and R&B. Admission: $22–38. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

3/2 Raffle Drawing
"Have a Heart" raffle to benefit the Good Shepherd Center. Among the prizes: Emerson TV, his and hers Fitbits, waterproof camera bundle, beach cruiser bike, Keurig brewer bundle, outdoor fire pit, and jewelry from Kingoff's Jewelers. Tickets: $10 (or three for $25). Good Shepherd Center, 811 Martin Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 763-4424 (ext. 113) or goodshepherdwilmington.org.

3/3 Bluebird Workshop
9–10 a.m. Learn all about the Eastern bluebird, one of our area's most vibrant songbirds, and how to attract them to your yard. Breakfast options available. Free. Wild Bird & Garden, 105 East Brown Street, Southport. Info: (910) 457-9453 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

3/3 Behind the Scenes
10:30 a.m. "The Mystery of Women's History." In honor of Women's History Month, Museum Historian Jan Davidson and Curator Barbara Rowe will take guests on a tour through the Cape Fear Museum showcasing the often-ignored role of women in local history. Admission: $8–12. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4362 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

3/3 Coastal Horizons Luncheon
11:30 a.m. Fundraiser to raise awareness for behavioral health in our region. National Football League Hall of Famer Terry Bradshaw as keynote speaker. Admission: $125. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-5101 or www.coastalhorizons.org.

3/3 Children's Tea
2–4 p.m. *Wizard of Oz*-themed tea party in conjunction with the NC Azalea Festival. Includes photo opportunities with Azalea Belles and Princesses, a "low tea" menu and elegant attire. Admission: $35–45. Proceeds benefit the Cape Fear Volunteer Center. Coastline Conference & Event Center, 501 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 392-8180 or www.ncazaleafestival.org/events/azalea-childrens-tea.

3/3 Coastal Consumer Showcase
4–7 p.m. Explore an array of products and services in the Southport-Oak Island area. Features food samples, seminars, giveaways, Chinese auction and more. Free. St. James Community Center, 4136 Southport-Supply Road, St. James. Info: (910) 457-6964 or www.southport-oakisland.com.

3/3 Chicago Brass Quintet
7:30 p.m. As Chicago's original brass quintet, these five virtuoso musicians possess the technical mastery to perform music of all periods and styles. Admission: $10–29. BCC Odell Williamson Auditorium, 50 College Road NW, Bolivia. Info: (910) 755-7416 or www.bccowa.com.

3/3–6 Live Theater
8 p.m. (Thursday – Saturday). 3 p.m. (Sunday). *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*. Admission: $16–22. Cape Fear Playhouse, 613 Castle Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 367-5237 or www.bigdawgproductions.org.

3/4 & 5 Dinner Theatre
7 p.m. TheatreNOW presents Penny Kohut's *Top o' the Mornin' to Ya!*, featuring Faith and Beggorah, morning talk show hosts direct from Ireland. This crazy pair offers up the funniest in pre-election madness. Admission: $20–34. TheatreNOW, 19 South Tenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-3669 or www.theatrewilmington.com.

3/4–6 Art & Antiques Show
10 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Friday & Saturday); 11 a.m. – 4 p.m. (Sunday). Show and sale featuring vendors from seven states. Includes American and European art, furniture, clocks, music boxes, rugs, linens, porcelain, silver, estate jewelry and decorative items from

Catch you on the Flipside

3/9

Habitat for Humanity benefit

3/11-12

Best of the Irish

3/16

the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Admission: $10. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

3/4–6 Youth Theater

7 p.m. (Friday & Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday). Thalian Association Children's Theatre presents Disney's *101 Dalmatians Kids!* Winner of the "Night on the Town" raffle will be drawn at the final performance on 3/6. Admission: $12. Hannah Block Community Arts Center, 120 South Second Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-1788 or thalian.org.

3/4–6 Musical Theater

8 p.m. (Friday & Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday). Opera House Theatre Company presents Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Carousel*. Set in small-town New England, the story explores the ill-fated love affair between carefree carnival barker Billy Bigelow and Julie Jordan, the trusting mill worker whose heart he steals. Admission: $34. Thalian Hall, Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalian-hall.org.

3/5 Cardinal Strut

8 a.m. 10K, 5K, Fun Run and Cardinal Dash. Post-race party includes breakfast from Waffle House, music, awards and bounce house. Admission: $15–40. Proceeds benefit Holly Tree PTA. Holly Tree Elementary School, 3020 Web Trace, Wilmington. Info: (910) 512-0927 or www.cardinalstrut.com.

3/5 Bird Workshop & Plant Sale

9–10 a.m. (Program); 10 a.m. – 12:30 p.m. (Plant Sale). Free program on the Eastern bluebird followed by a plant sale presented by Slatestone Gardens. Wild Bird & Garden, 3500 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-6001 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

3/5 Hobby Greenhouse Tour

9 a.m. – 5 p.m. Self-guided tour of local greenhouses through New Hanover, Brunswick and Pender counties. Free. NHC Arboretum, 6206 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: www.hobbygreenhouseclub.org.

3/5 Back Yard BBQ Cook-Off

10 a.m. – 5 p.m. Annual BBQ competition featuring more than thirty contestants, a double-blind judging, tastings, beer tent, raffles, food, arts and crafts vendors, and live music by Gary Lowder and the Smokin' Hots. Admission: $125–150 to compete. Proceeds benefit Step Up for Soldiers. Carolina Beach Lake Park, Atlanta Avenue, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 232-5554 or www.stepupforsoldiers.org/bbq.

3/5 Cape Fear Beer Fest

1–5 p.m. Unlimited tasting of more than 100 craft and international beers, wines and ciders from some of the finest brew masters in the world. Admission: $40–50. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-5101 or capefearbeerfest.com.

3/5 Cape Fear Literacy Gala

6:30 p.m. Fundraiser/celebration featuring a Neverland theme, creative cuisine from Middle of the Island, drinks, live and silent auctions, VIP lounge, and live music by Jack Jack 180. Costumes encouraged. Admission: $125. Proceeds benefit the Cape Fear Literacy Council. Events at Watermark, 4114 River Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-0911 or cfliteracy.org.

3/7 Word Weavers

7–9 p.m. A Christian writers' group that keeps members informed about workshops, writing opportunities and retreats. Life Point Church, 3534 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 619-7344 or sondradron@bellsouth.net.

3/9 Airlie Bird Walk

8–9:30 a.m. Join Wild Bird & Garden for a relaxed bird walk at Airlie Gardens. Admission: $3–9. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-6001 www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

3/9 Contemporary Dance

7:30 p.m. KIM Yong Chul's SEOP Dance Company of South Korea presents "A Man's Requiem", a modern, ritualistic expression of the Korean Buddhist/Christian belief system. Contemporary dance is used

to explore the powerful idea of a sinner's Judgment Day. Admission: $30. CFCC Humanities & Fine Arts Center, 701 North Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

3/9 The Patti Page Story

7:30 p.m. *Flipside: The Patti Page Story*, winner of eighteen national Kennedy Center awards, is a fresh "jukebox musical" about Oklahoma's own singing rage, Miss Patti Page, and her rise to stardom. Admission: $22–40. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

3/10 Jazz at the CAM

6:30–8 p.m. The David Pankey Trio performs original, mainstream and standard jazz tunes at Cameron Art Museum. Admission: $5–12. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

3/11 Empty Bowls Luncheon

11 a.m. – 1:30 p.m. Annual luncheon/fundraiser benefiting Mother Hubbard's Cupboard and the Good Shepherd Center. Guests will dine on savory soups and bread and take home one-of-a-kind bowls created and donated by local potters. Admission: $20. First Baptist Center, 1939 Independence Boulevard, Wilmington. Info: (910) 231-3588 or www.facebook.com/emptybowls.wilmington.

3/11 Organ Concert

7:30 p.m. Acclaimed organist Katherine Meloan. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 16 North Sixteenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-4578 or www.spechurch.com.

3/11 & 12 UpScale ReSale

6–9 p.m. (Friday); 10 a.m. – 3 p.m. (Saturday). Annual fundraising event for Cape Fear Habitat for Humanity where local designers repurpose and transform items from Cape Fear Habitat's ReStores in 10-by-10 vignettes. The designer vignettes may be viewed by the public and everything is for sale. Admission: $40/preview party; $5/show & sale. CFCC Schwartz Center, 601 North Front Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-4744 or www.capefearhabitat.org/upscale-resale.

3/12 St. Patrick's Lo Tide Run

8 a.m. 10K/5K held in honor of Steve Haydu featuring a raffle, silent auction and awards. After-party hosted by The Lazy Pirate at 11 a.m. Admission: $25–40. Proceeds are donated to families fighting cancer who are in financial crisis. Carolina Beach Lake, Fourth & Clarendon Street, Carolina Beach. Info: lotiderun.org.

3/12 Spring Nesting Program

9:15–10:30 a.m. Learn about the nesting habitat preferences and needs of the area's most common springtime nesting birds, and how you can set out the welcome mat for feathered families. Free. Wild Bird & Garden, 3500 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-6001 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

3/12 Panel Discussion

10 a.m. Panel discussion and Q & A on raising roses in the Cape Fear region. NHC Arboretum, 6206 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: wcfrs.blogspot.com.

3/12 Photography Class

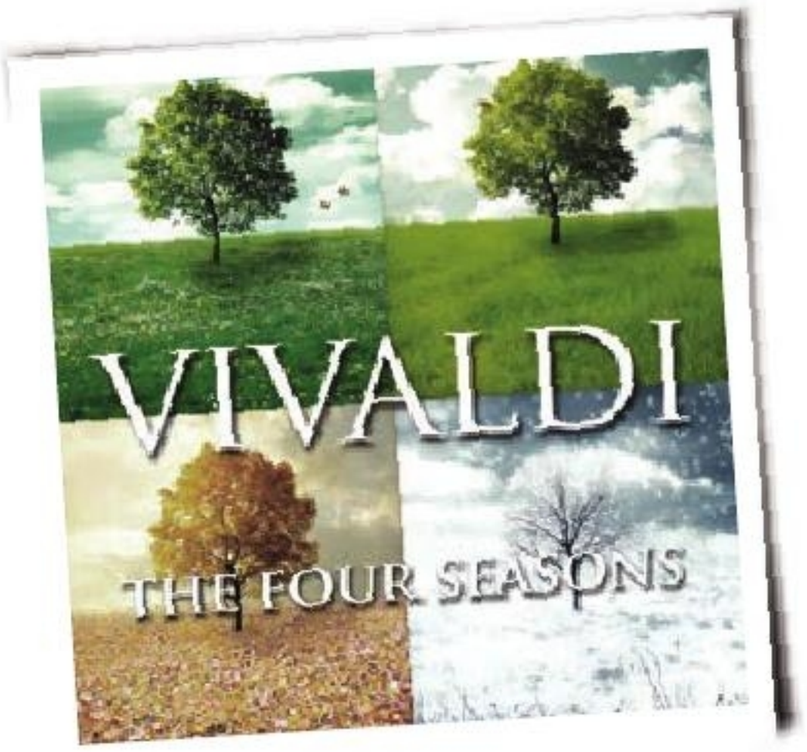
10:30 a.m. Local photographer Tom Conway offers a class on photographing gardens. Includes handouts and live demo. Reservations required. Admission: $10–15. Latimer House, 126 South Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-0492 or www.lcfhs.org.

3/12 St. Patrick's Day Festival

11 a.m. – 12 p.m. (Parade); 12–6 p.m. (Festival). St. Patrick's Day parade and celebration featuring entertainment by The Blarney Brogues, Striking Copper and Walsh Kelley School of Irish Dancing. Vendors will have cultural items, food and beer available for purchase. Admission: Free. North Front Street & North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: wilmingtonstpatricksdayfestival.com.

3/12 Battleship Program

12–5:30 p.m. Power Plant. In-depth program on the battleship's power plant featuring classroom presentations and a behind-the-scenes tour of engineering spaces. Admission: $60–65. Battleship NC, 1 Battleship Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-5797 or www.battleshipnc.com.



NC Symphony concert

3/17

3/12 YCC Beach Dash

2 p.m. A 1.4-mile dash down the beach with obstacles. Geared for all ages and fitness levels. Music, Zumba and snacks to follow. Admission: $25. Fort Fisher State Recreation Area, 1000 Loggerhead Road, Kure Beach. Info: www.wilmingtonfamilyymca.org/yccrunseries.

3/12 Fat Bike Championship

2–9 p.m. Fat tire mountain bike race held on an all-sand course along the shores of Wrightsville Beach. Three levels of competition include beginner, sport and expert. Awards and after-party held on the resort lawn at 6 p.m. Admission: $50–65. A portion of proceeds benefit the Wrightsville Beach Foundation. Blockade Runner Beach Resort, 275 Waynick Boulevard, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-2251 or www.fatcross.com.

3/12 Art at the Mission

5–8 p.m. Local artists donate 10 percent of their sales profits to the Rescue Mission, a non-denominational, non-profit ministry dedicating to serve the homeless, hungry, and hurting of Wilmington. Art at the Mission held on the second Saturday of each month. Rescue Mission of Cape Fear, 502 Castle Street, Wilmington. Info: rescuemissioncapefear.org.

3/12 Roast on the Coast

7–11 p.m. Annual oyster roast/March Madness party hosted by the Junior League of Wilmington. Featuring live music, open bar, silent auction, raffles and coverage of the NCAA basketball games. Cape Fear Country Club, 1518 Country Club Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 799-7405 or www.jlwnc.org.

3/12 Music on Market

7:30 p.m. Pianist and child prodigy Noah Waddell, who performs nationally with major orchestras at the age 14, plays live. Free. St. Andrews Covenant Presbyterian Church, 1416 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-9693 or www.musiconmarket.org.

3/12 & 13 Made in NC

12–6 p.m. (Saturday & Sunday). Handmade marketplace showcasing local craftsmen and artisans featuring art, jewelry, household items, pottery and more. Food trucks and cash bar on site. Admission: $5. Brooklyn Arts Center, 516 North Fourth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-2939 or www.brooklynartsnc.com.

3/12 Scholarship Pageant

7:30 p.m. High school juniors from New Hanover County compete during this annual scholarship pageant based on a private interview with judges, evening gown competition and on-stage presentation. UNCW Kenan Auditorium, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: www.ncazaleafestival.org/events/scholarship-pageant.

3/13 Taize Concert

4 p.m. Taize is meditative music, similar to chanting, which originated at a monastery in Taize, France. Church of the Good Shepherd, 515 Queen Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 763-6080 or www.goodshepherdchurchwilmington.com.

3/13 Music at First

5 p.m. The Westminster Schola Cantorum, composed of all students in their second year of study at Westminster Choir College. Free. First Presbyterian Church, 125 South Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-6688 or www.firstonthird.org/musicfirst.

3/ 14 & 28 Pathways to Intuition

7–9 p.m. Pathways to Intuition II with instructor Linda Thunberg. Registration required. Admission: $30. All Love Healing Center, 3951 A Market Street, Wilmington. Info: Linda@transpersonalpower.com.

3/15 Smart Start Breakfast

7:30 a.m. Pledge breakfast for Children's Champions to honors community members who make a difference in the lives of young children and their families. Admission: $25. Hilton Wilmington Riverside, 301 North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 815-3731 or www.newhanoverkids.org.

3/16 Southport Bird Walk

8:30–9:30 a.m. Join Wild Bird & Garden for a bird walk around Southport's beautiful historic district

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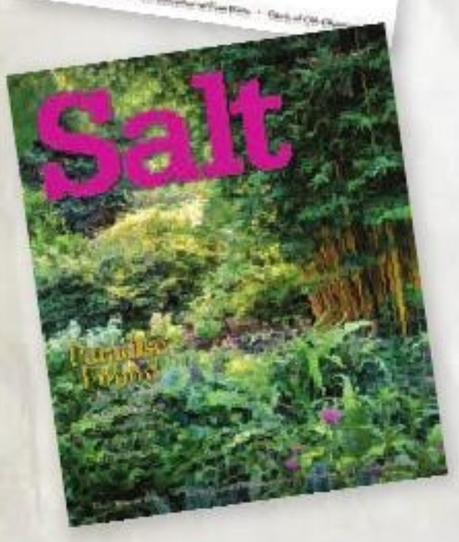

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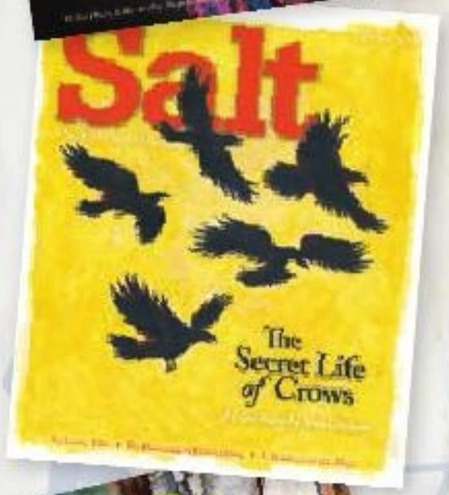

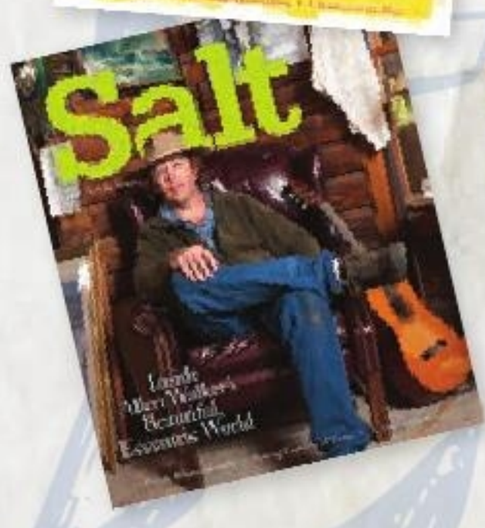

and waterfront. Free. Wild Bird & Garden, 105 East Brown Street, Southport. Info: (910) 457-9453 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

3/16 Celtic Tenors
7:30 p.m. Breaking the mold of traditional tenors, these guys boast a repertoire of classical, pop and Irish songs. Admission: $25–40. CFCC Humanities & Fine Arts Center, 701 North Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

3/17 Bird Hike
8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Join Halyburton Park in exploring Abbey Nature Preserve along the NC Birding Trail to view and identify local birds in their natural habitat. Admission: $10. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

3/17 Power of the Purse
6 p.m. Silent auction and raffle with varied selection of purses and accessories donated by local boutiques, retailers and designers. Proceeds benefit Wilmington Health Access for Teens (WHAT). Country Club of Landfall, 800 Sunrunner Place, Wilmington. Info: (910) 202-4605 or whatswhat.org.

3/17 NC Symphony Concert
7:30 p.m. Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. The NC Symphony performs Aaron Jay Kernis: *Musica Celestis*, Nico Muhly: *Seeing is Believing* and Vivaldi: *The Four Seasons*. Pre-concert talk at 6:30 p.m. Admission: $20–70. CFCC Humanities & Fine Arts Center, 701 North Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (877) 627-6724 or www.ncsymphony.org.

3/18 Spring Soiree
7:30 p.m. NC Azalea Festival kick-off celebration. Beer, wine, heavy hors d'oeuvres, live music and dancing. Admission: $42. Hilton Wilmington Riverside, 301 North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: www.ncazaleafestival.org/events/prefestival-party.

3/18 Shovels & Rope in Concert
7 p.m. Husband-and-wife American folk duo Shovels & Rope perform songs from their sophomore album *Swimmin' Time*. Admission: $32.50–37.50. Brooklyn Arts Center, 516 North Fourth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-2939 or www.brooklynartsnc.com.

3/18 Jewel in Concert
7:30 p.m. Grammy-nominated singer/songwriter Jewel performs hits spanning her 12 studio albums and shares stories from her memoir *Never Broken – Songs Are Only Half the Story*. Admission: $40–75. CFCC Humanities & Fine Arts Center, 703 North Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

3/18–20 Seaglass Salvage Market
9 a.m. – 3 p.m. (Friday); 9 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Saturday); 12–5 p.m. (Sunday). Once a month indoor/outdoor market filled with up-cycled, recycled and repurposed furniture and home décor items, salvage pieces perfect for DIY projects, yard and garden décor, jewelry, local honey and more. Located at 1987 Andrew Jackson Highway (74/76), Leland. Info: www.seaglasssalvagemarket.com.

3/18–20 Cape Fear Wildlife Expo
9 a.m. – 7 p.m. (Friday & Saturday); 10 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Sunday). Three-day event featuring dozens of exhibitors with interactive displays, workshops and educational activities showcasing the state's natural resources, wildlife conservation and outdoor recreation. Admission: $7–20. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 795-0292 or capefearwildlifeexpo.com.

3/18 Listen Up Brunswick County
7:30 p.m. Americana singer/songwriter Idlewheel Acoustic performs live as part of Listen Up Brunswick County's annual music series. Admission: $20–24. Proceeds benefit New Hope Clinic. BCC, Odell Auditorium, 50 College Road NE, Bolivia. Info: (860) 485-3354 or www.listenupbrunswickcounty.com.

3/18–20 Wrightsville Beach Marathon
4–8 p.m. (Friday); 11 a.m. – 8 p.m. (Saturday); 6 a.m. – 12:35 p.m. (Sunday). Marathon, half marathon, 5K, 1-mile run and relay challenge through the scenic Landfall community to Mayfaire Town Center. Includes expo, pasta dinner and awards ceremony. Admission: $25–110. Mayfaire Event Field, 6835 Conservation Way, Wilmington. Info: (910) 297-4973 or www.wrightsvillebeachmarathon.com.

Jewel in Concert

3/18

3/19 Race for the Cure
3:30 p.m. Featured Marathon Madness 5K and Susan G. Komen Foundation's biggest fundraiser of the year. Admission: $25–40. Proceeds raise funds and awareness for breast cancer. Mayfaire Event Field, 6835 Conservation Way, Wilmington. Info: nctc.info-komen.org.

3/19 Symphony Pops!
7:30 p.m. *Classical Mystery Tour: A Tribute to the Beatles*. Classical Mystery Tour performs The Beatles hits live in concert along with the Wilmington Symphony Orchestra. Admission: $65. CFCC Humanities & Fine Arts Center, 703 North Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.wilmingtonsymphony.org/symphony-pops.html.

3/19 & 20 Home Expo
10 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Saturday); 12–4 p.m. (Sunday). The area's largest home improvement and remodeling expo featuring more than eighty exhibits on sustainable living, landscaping, hurricane protection and more. Free. CFCC Schwartz Center, 601 North Front Street, Wilmington. Info: www.wcfhba.com/wilmington-homeexpo-remodeling-show.

3/21 Lecture
7:30 p.m. Lecture with the US Army Corps of Engineers at Federal Point History Center discussing local dredging and re-nourishment projects. Free. Federal Point History Center, 1121 A North Lake Park Boulevard, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-0502 or www.federalpointhistory.org.

3/21 & 22 Youth Nature Program
10–11 a.m. Children discover nature through stories, songs, hands-on activities, hikes and crafts. This week's theme is "Signs of Spring." Pre-registration required. Admission: $3. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

3/22 Ballet
7:30 p.m. Houston Ballet's second company of classically trained emerging ballet dancers perform fresh choreography in a wide array of dance works. Admission: $15–40. UNCW Kenan Auditorium, 515 Wagoner Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or uncw.edu/presents/currentseason.html.

3/22 The Moody Blues in Concert
7:30 p.m. The Moody Blues have remained relevant from the psychedelic era through MTV's inception and beyond. Admission: $65–125. CFCC Humanities & Fine Arts Center, 701 North Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

3/23 Page to Stage
6:30 p.m. Writers, actors and producers share original works of comedy and drama with the community and encourage feedback. Free; donations appreciated. Cameron Art Museum, Weyerhaeuser Reception Hall, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

3/23 Hibiscus Fundraiser
7–9 p.m. Join the Wilmington Friends of Planned Parenthood in celebrating local health care providers and raising funds for Planned Parenthood. Features a reception with guest speaker Dr. Willie Parker. Suggested donation: $100. The Terraces on Sir Tyler, 1826 Sir Tyler Drive, Wilmington. Info: hibiscus.ppsat.org.

3/23 Cameron Carpenter
7:30 p.m. Cameron Carpenter brings his international touring organ, a monumental digital organ of his own design, to Thalian Hall. From the complete works of Bach to film scores, his original works and hundreds of transcriptions and arrangements, his repertoire is likely the most diverse of any organist. Admission: $22–40. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

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BC	Ferguson Bath, Kitchen & Lighting Gallery
35	Fisherman's Wife, The
39	Galligan Chiropractic
72	George, The
73	Golden Gallery, The
3	Glen Meade Center for Women's Health
14	Glo MedSpa
IBC	Greensboro College
IFC	Hubbard Kitchen, Bath & Lighting Showroom
31	Julia Vosler at Eclipse Artisan Boutique
28	Ladyfingers at Blue Moon Gift Shops
11	Lisa Sledzik, RE/MAX Essential
18	Leisure World Casual Furniture
27	Lou's Flower World & Vintage Market
7	Nest Fine Gifts and Interiors
6	New Hanover Regional Medical Center
21	Opulence of Southern Pines
28	Palm Garden
33	Pathfinder Wealth Consulting
33	Paysage Home
14	Pier House Group, The
72	Pilot House/Elijah's, The
24	Port City Java
39	Precious Gems & Jewelry
16	Re-Bath of Wilmington
31	Repeat Boutique
5	Riverlights
75	Riverplace
44	RiverRun International Film Festival
30	Seaglass Salvage Market
21, 31	Spectrum Art & Jewelry
35	Thalian Hall Center for the Performing Arts, Inc.
30	Tracy McCullen Design
39	Transplanted Garden, The
24	University of North Carolina at Wilmington
23	Uptown Market
1	Vance Young, Intracoastal Realty
18	Ward & Smith, P.A.
40	Wilmington Art Association
28	Wilmington Blind, Shutter & Closet Company
8	Wilmington Fashion Week
30	Wilmington Jewish Film Festival

3/24 Spring EGGventure!
9 a.m. – 12 p.m. Annual spring event featuring kid-friendly programs and activities such as animal eggs and nests, story time and a spring nature hike. Egg hunts will take place at 9:30 a.m. (ages 2–3), 10:30 a.m. (ages 4–5) and 11:30 a.m. (ages 6–9). Admission: $5. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

3/25 Easter Egg Hunt Carnival
10 a.m. – 2 p.m. Kid-friendly Easter egg hunt/carnival featuring continuous games and egg hunts plus bounce house, petting zoo, pony rides, face painting and pictures with Buddy the Battleship Bunny. Admission: $5. Battleship NC, 1 Battleship Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-5797 or www.battleshipnc.com.

3/25 Fourth Friday
6–9 p.m. Downtown galleries, studios and art spaces open their doors to the public in an after-hours celebration of art and culture. Free. Various venues in Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-0998 or www.artscouncilofwilmington.org.

3/26 Bunny Brunch
10 a.m. – 2 p.m. Brunch with the Easter Bunny includes egg hunt, photo opportunities, live bunnies, games and prizes. Admission: $7. Proceeds benefit the NHC Arboretum. NHC Arboretum, 6206 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: nhcarboretum.org/bunny-brunch.

3/28 & 29 Youth Nature Program
10–11 a.m. Children discover nature through stories, songs, hands-on activities, hikes and crafts. This week's theme: "Animal Names." Pre-registration required. Admission: $3. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

3/29–4/2 Wilmington Fashion Week
A platform for upcoming fashion design and industry talent in Wilmington featuring a week of runway shows and fashion events. Visit website for details. Various venues in Wilmington. Info: www.wilmingtonfashionweek.org.

3/30 Wilmington Biz Expo
11 a.m. – 7 p.m. The region's largest annual business community gathering featuring more than 100 exhibitors from different industries, free seminars, a keynote lunch and after-hours networking event. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-8600 or www.wilmingtonbiz.com.

3/30 Leadership Lecture Series
7 p.m. Ben & Jerry's co-founder Jerry Greenfield delivers a rousing tribute to America's entrepreneurial spirit, full of anecdotes and radical business philosophy. Ice-cream provided. Admission: $10. UNCW Burney Center, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-7722 or uncw.edu/artsprograms/leadershiplecture.html.

3/30 Garrison Keillor
7:30 p.m. The acclaimed host of *A Prairie Home Companion* brings his solo performance to Wilmington. This master storyteller shares hilarious anecdotes about growing up in the Midwest, the people of Lake Wobegon and "late-life fatherhood." Admission: $65–99. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

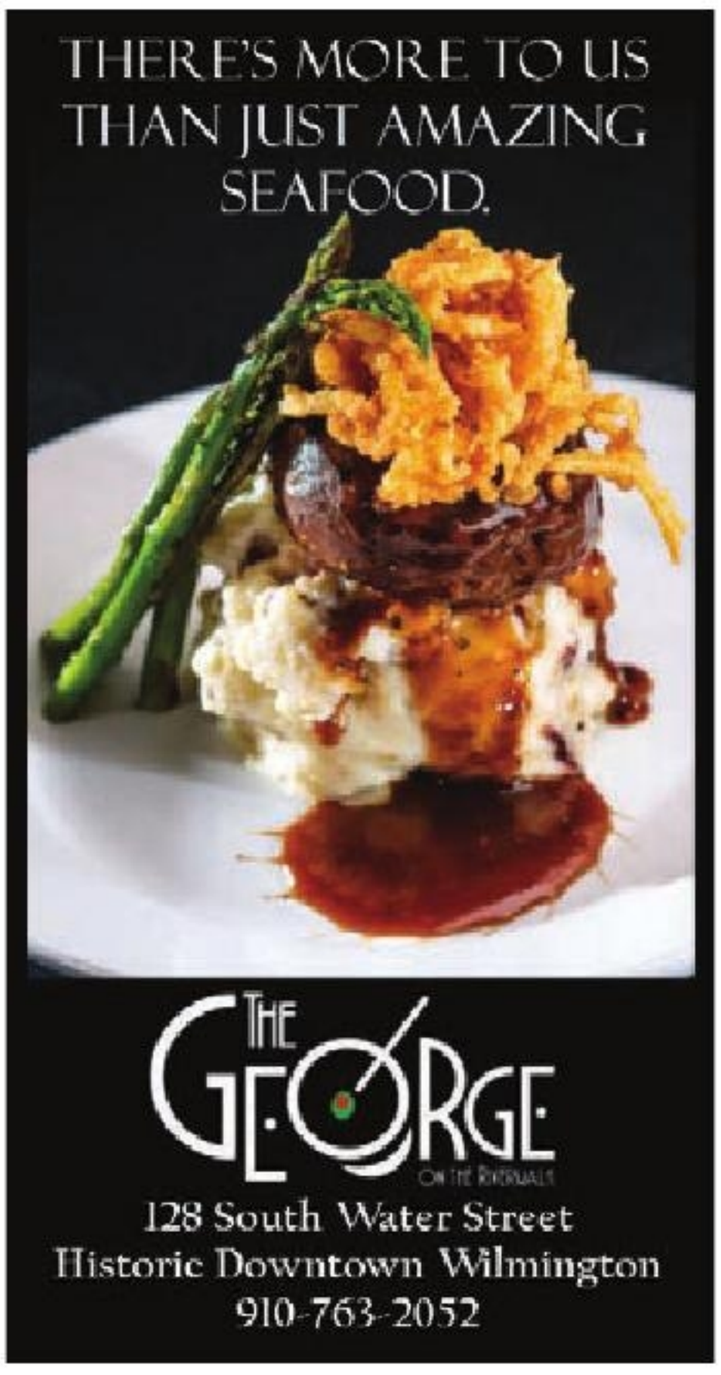
3/30–4/6 Encore Restaurant Week
Eight-day culinary celebration featuring restaurants throughout the Port City offering prix fixe menus at special prices. Various locations in Wilmington and surrounding areas. Info: (910) 791-0688 or www.encorerestaurantweek.com.

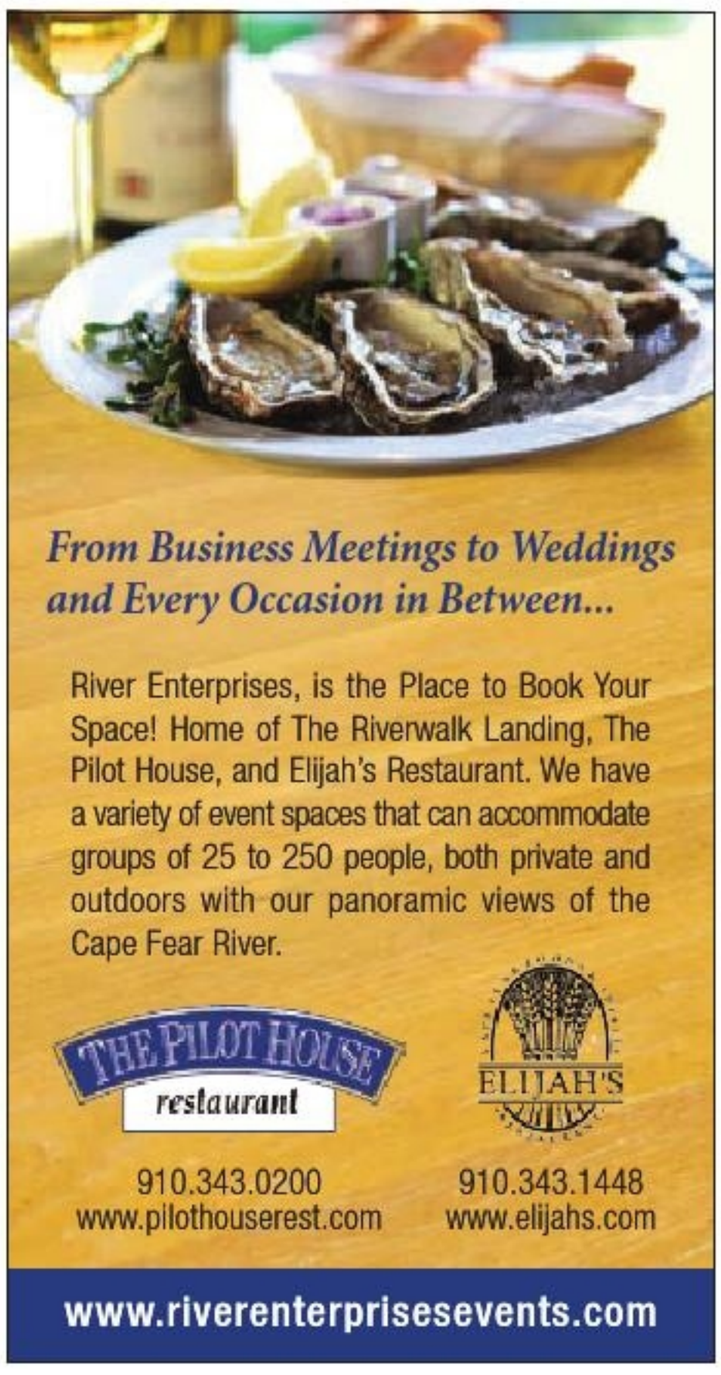
3/31 Roy Zimmerman in Concert
7 p.m. Ninety minutes of original satirical songs covering everything from climate change to gun control. Admission: $18. Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 4313 Lake Avenue, Wilmington. Info: www.uufwilmington.org.

3/31 Book Talk
11 a.m. Raleigh mystery writer Sarah Shaber talks about her fifth book in the Louise Pearlie World War II Mystery series, *Louise's Chance*. Optional lunch provided in the tea room at noon. Admission: $5–15. Latimer House, 126 South Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-0492 or www. lcfhs.org.

WEEKLY HAPPENINGS

Monday – Wednesday Cinematique Films
7 p.m. Independent, classic and foreign films screened in historic Thalian Hall. Check online for updated listings and special screenings. Admission: $7. Thalian

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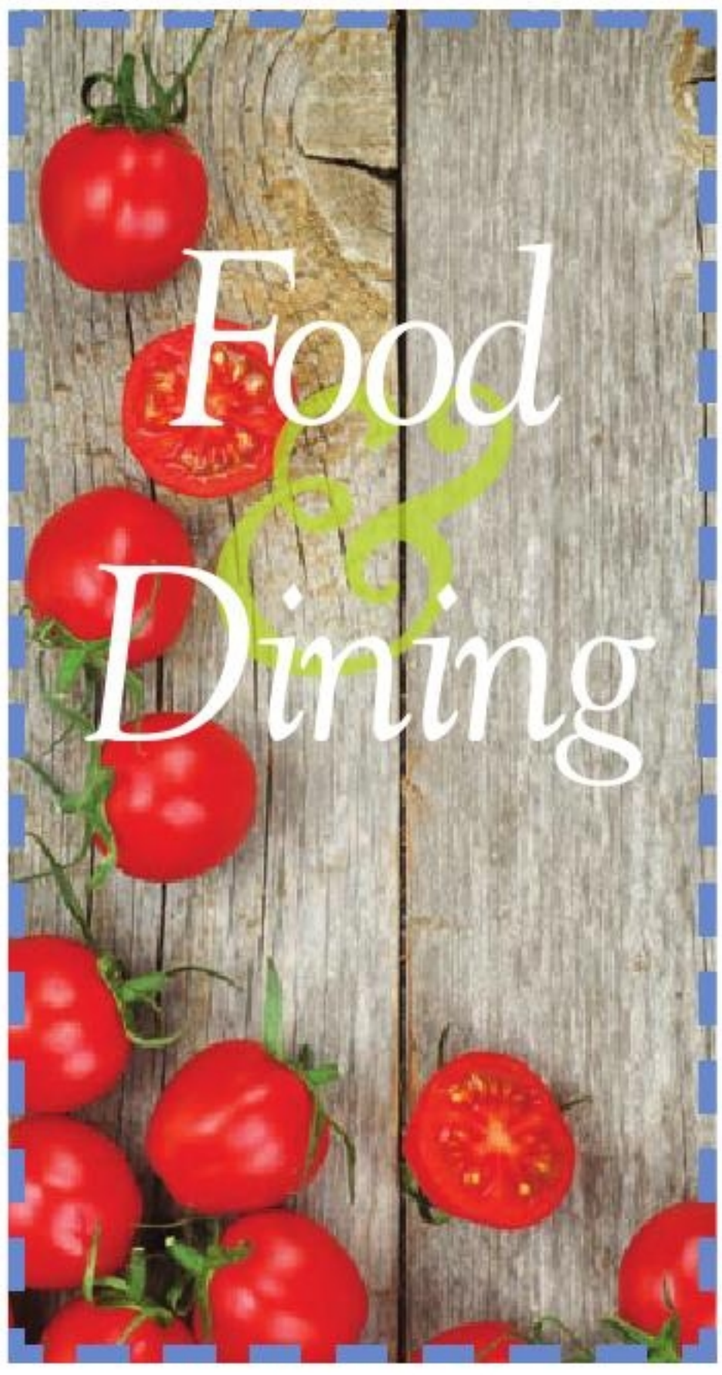


Garrison Keillor comes to Wilmington

3/30

Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info/Tickets: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

Tuesday **Wine Tasting**

6–8 p.m. Free wine tasting hosted by a wine professional plus wine and small plate specials all night. The Fortunate Glass, 29 South Front Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-4292 or www.fortunateglasswinebar.com.

Tuesday **Cape Fear Blues Jam**

8 p.m. A unique gathering of the area's finest Blues musicians. Bring your instrument and join the fun. No cover charge. The Rusty Nail, 1310 South Fifth Avenue. Info: (910) 251-1888 or www.capefearblues.org.

Wednesday **T'ai Chi at CAM**

12:30–1:30 p.m. Qigong (Practicing the Breath of Life) with Martha Gregory. Open to beginner and experienced participants. Admission: $5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

Wednesday **Energy Clearing Meditation**

6:15–7:15 p.m. Join Energy Healer Jennifer Chapis for guided energy clearing meditations. 3/2: Sexual Awakening; 3/16: Healing Procrastination; 3/23: Passion; 3/30: Adventure. Exchange: $15. All Love Healing Center, 3951 A Market Street, Wilmington. Info: Jennifer@alllovehealing.com or www.alllovehealing.com.

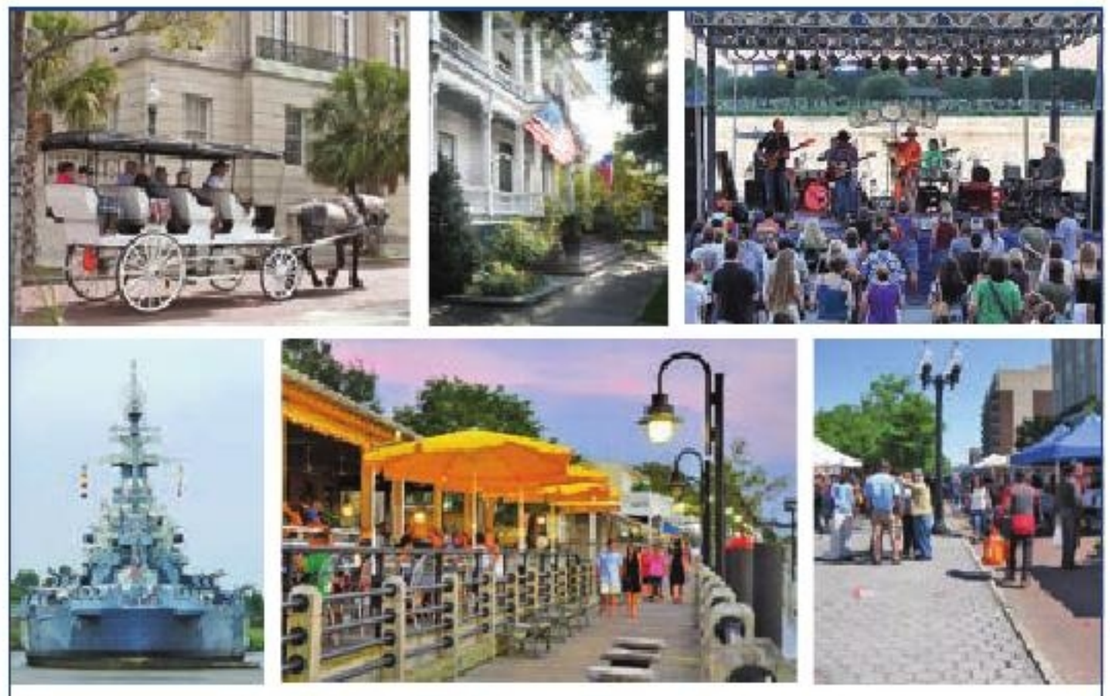
Wednesday **Wednesday Echo**

7:30–11:30 p.m. Weekly singer/songwriter open mic night that welcomes all genres of music. Each person will have three to six songs. Palm Room, 11 East Salisbury Street, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 509-3040.

Thursday **Yoga at the CAM**

12–1 p.m. Join in a soothing retreat sure to charge you up while you relax in a beautiful, comfortable setting. Sessions are ongoing and open to beginner and experienced participants. Admission: $5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

To add a calendar event, please contact ashley@saltmagazinenc.com. Events must be submitted by the first of the month, one month prior to the event.



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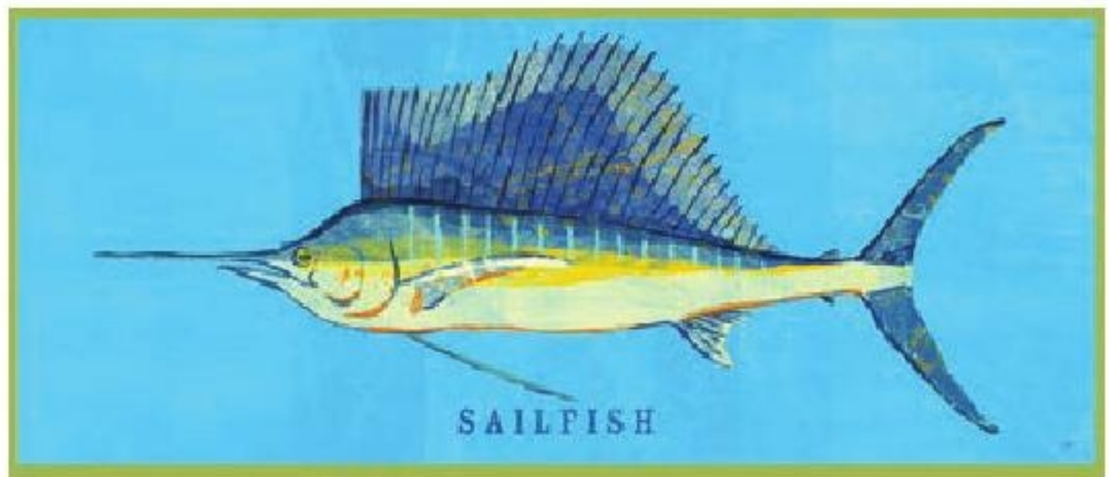

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Port City People

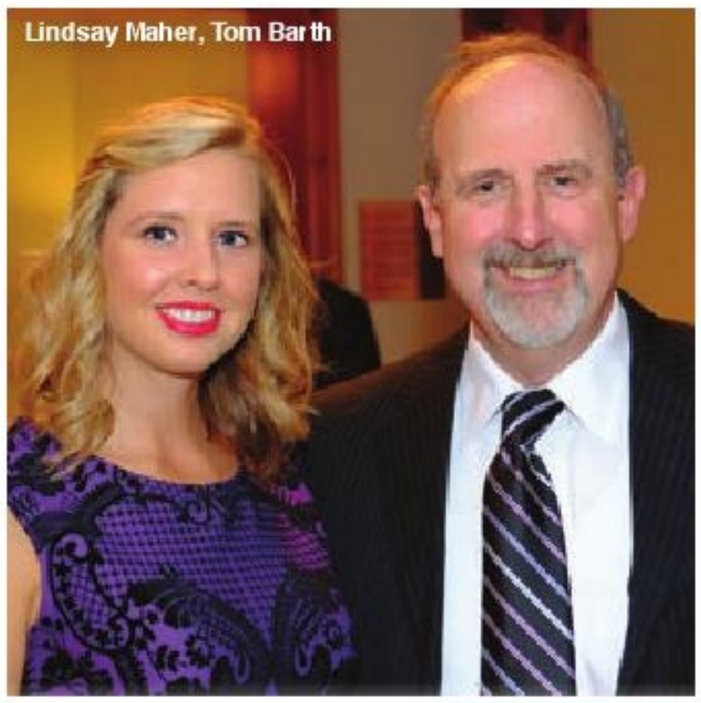
Family Promise of the Lower Cape Fear & Wilmington Interfaith Hospitality Network

10th Annual Gala

Friday, November 20, 2015

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Myra & Phillip Hamilton


Lindsay Maher, Tom Barth

Stacy Ankrum, Jimmy Hopkins

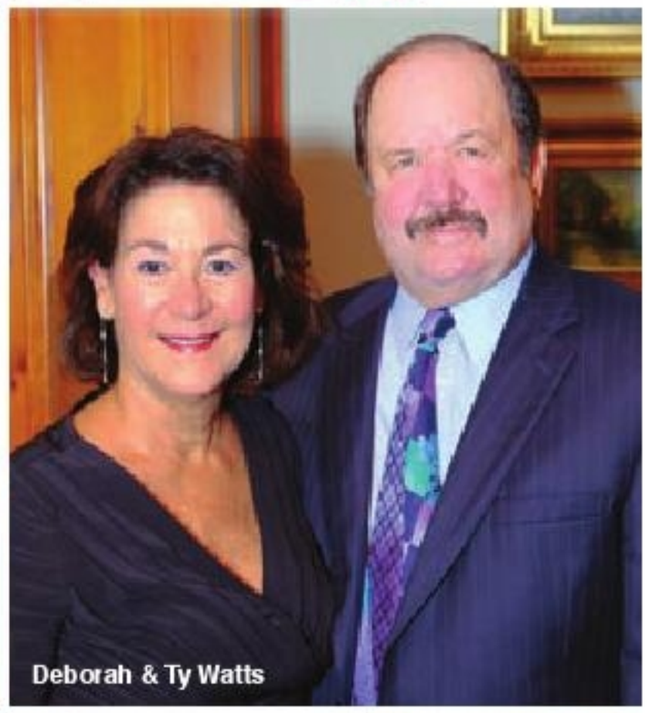
Tim & Courtney Gray, Paul Colvin

Cate & Zach Piech

Jena Hayes, Andy Smith

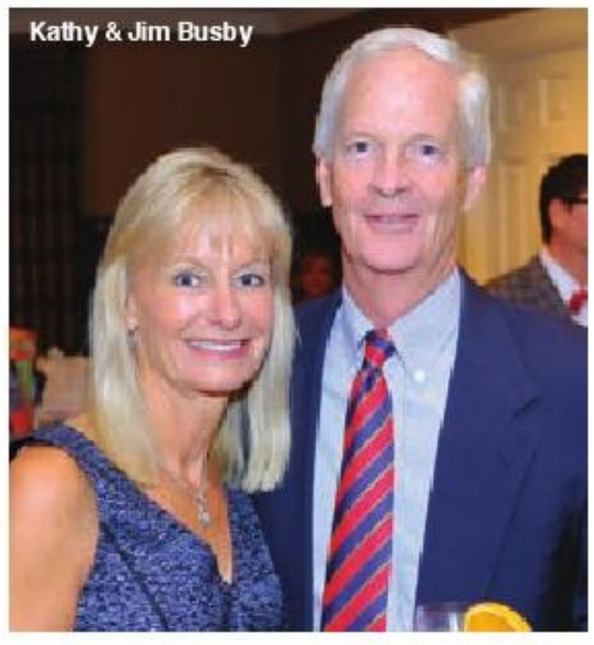
Debbie, Haley & Bob Cowen

Corey & Jessie Heim


Deborah & Ty Watts

Billy & Anne Best, Tyrrell Accattato, Paul Marchese

Barbara Lambert, Stewart Hawkins


Kathy & Jim Busby

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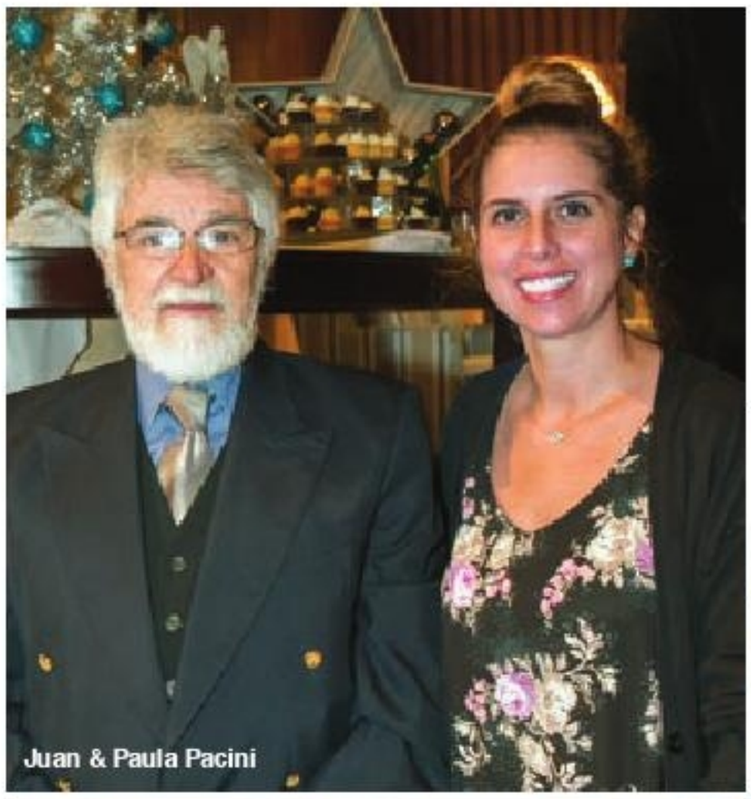
Port City People

The 12 Tastes of Christmas
A Benefit for Cape Fear Literacy Council
Brooklyn Arts Center

Friday, December 11, 2015

Photographs by Bill Ritenour


Juan & Paula Pacini

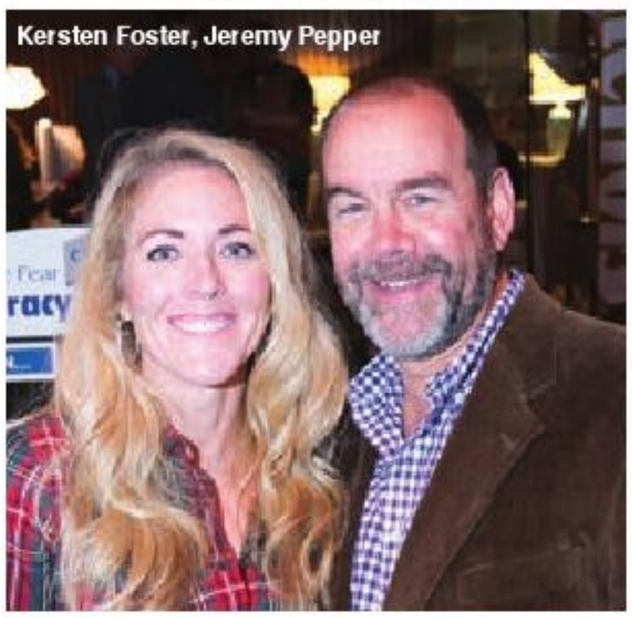
Tony McCarthy, Karyn Oetting, Emily Martian

Augusta Ramsey, Marcus Northagan

Jonathan & Kathy Ibbotson

Scott McCaig, Katherine Clark, Nina Bays Cournoyer

Ben Shaw, Emily Brown


Kersten Foster, Jeremy Pepper

Jim Rolquin, Jill & Ken Batchelor, Monica Rolquin

Khristy Carter, David Scarletto

Ann Maxwell, Dick Robbins, Doreen Sigvaldsen

Emily Barlas, Michelle Savard

Curtis & Carol Martin

Port City People

Throwback Prom

A Grown-Up Prom Benefiting
Make-A-Wish Eastern NC

Saturday, January 9, 2016

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Jason & Carly Forman, Anna Tellechea, Enoch Hart

Hannah Barkley, Caroline Page, Anna Taylor

Stephen Cardinal, Stephanie Lanier, Tara Waylett

Abbey Westmorelan, Hannah Netherland

Annie Adams, Elizabeth Peavy Tabor

Sean & Channing Elliott

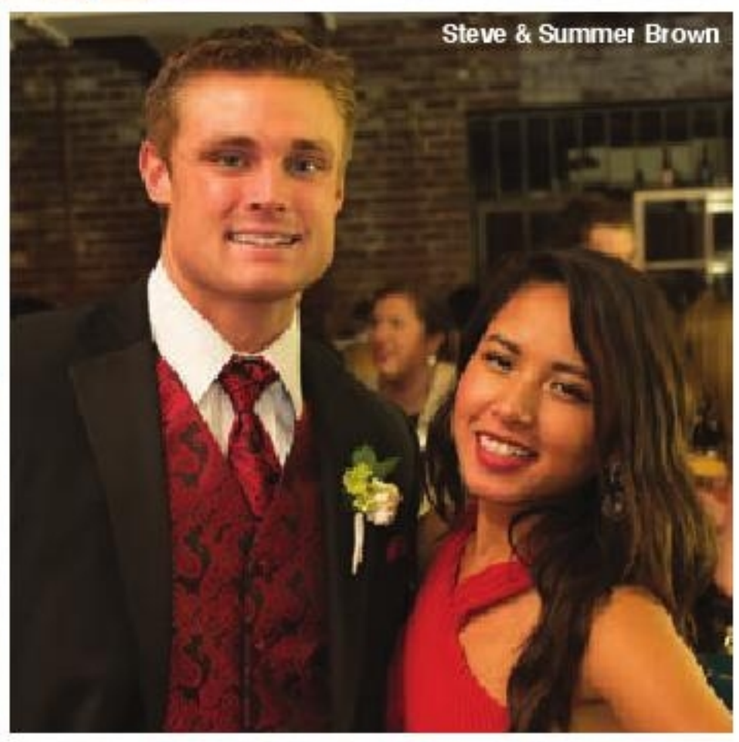
Haley Alber, Dan Pedroni

Steve & Janis Netherland

Michael & Lindsey Otero

Kat & Pete Fehring

Ashlee & Derek Boyce


Steve & Summer Brown

Port City People

Wine & Chocolate Festival Grand Tasting

Major Fundraiser for the Volunteer Older Citizens Action League

Tuesday, January 26, 2016

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Kyle Fryt, Erin Rhyne

Scott & Tammy Ramer

Vicky & Ron Stephens

Emanuel & Shedon Burton

Rich & Deborah Gibson, Linda Ritenour

Caylan McKy, Jaclynn Hack

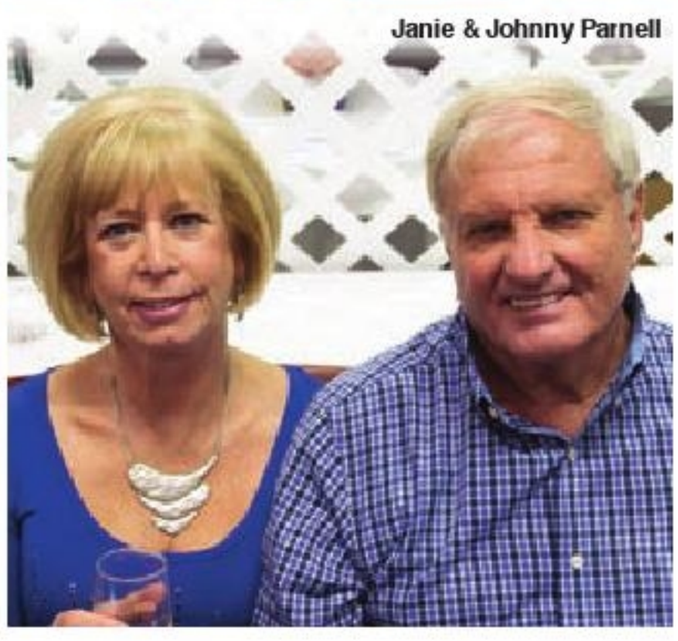
Kate Carlson, Tina Gantt

Todd Godbey, Carla & Tim Hall

Brian & Constance Beale

El Jaye Johnson and The Port City All-Stars

Kevin Collopy, Rebeca Van Duyne


Janie & Johnny Parnell

Mercurial March

Time for inspiration to take root – and perspiration to make it happen

By Astrid Stellanova

March is the birth month of Michelangelo, Albert Einstein, Maurice Ravel, Alexander Graham Bell, Sir Richard Burton, Edgar Cayce, Nat King Cole … and Rupert Murdoch. And that, Sweet Things, is the short list. All Piscean, all gifted, all interested in the world of ideas. Does that mean all Pisceans are more alike than different? Wish we could ask Cayce, don't you? I think it must mean that there is something about this water sign that is too mercurial for even the mystics to describe. –*Ad Astra, Astrid*

Pisces (February 19–March 20)
This new year has meant you had to tack in the wind just to keep your boat afloat in the choppy waters of life. Drop anchor and inhale; all is well and your craft is safe. Sometimes, your navigational skills are tested, but you have the inner resources to make it all well. Your sense of reckoning won't fail. This is a year with many peaks and valleys, but each take you toward an important aspect of your best self. Check the horizon; if you have something on your bucket list, don't let high winds discourage you. Set sail toward your dreams, and revel in a fascinating year, you Sexy Sailor.

Aries (March 21–April 19)
Just admit it. When your childhood sweetheart carved your name on a tree, you were secretly shocked anybody you wanted to lock lips with would bring a knife on a date. That's how you roll; your mind makes leaps and jumps and most of life experiences are hilarious and off-kilter. Keep your wit, Honey; you will need it this month when you get a surprise visit from an old flame and some unwelcome company.

Taurus (April 20–May 20)
You may seem about 10 cents short of a dollar this month, but you have put a large chunk of your gray matter on hold while you try to figure out what is making you so restless. You know you may have great powers of intuition; but you are not exactly acting like the CSI of mental compulsions. Keep calm, Sugar, and try to avoid making too many decisions without hashing things out with close friends.

Gemini (May 21–June 20)
There was a time when you were the funniest person in the room. Now, you can bring a party mood crashing down with one long, scary stare with your wild eyes, and a can of Raid. Your current bad mood has nothing to do with what someone did to you; it has to do with not letting go of an old offense. It is so last year, Sweetheart. Release it.

Cancer (June 21–July 22)
Is it possible you have overdone the self-improvement campaign? This would be a good time to say *hasta la vista* to pain and remorse, and *hola* to happiness! Astrid's best insight is that you forgive yourself the slowest – if you can change that dynamic, you are fine-tuning yourself, and can go humming through the rest of this month like your best self.

Leo (July 23–August 22)
Honey, foreign travel is in the wings, and if you give yourself permission, this is a turning point in your life karma. Something unexpected is opening up to you, and it will mean you might have to renew your passport and kick-start your sense of adventure. In case you were thinking of opting out, just be sure this is not because you have allowed yourself to become lazy – er, passive.

Virgo (August 23–September 22)
There are at least three opportunities that will present themselves this month. Consider them self-checks. One will involve an old friend. Another will involve an old enemy. A third will involve a complete stranger. What do they have in common? Sugar, ole Astrid thinks you will find the questions just as thrilling as the answers.

Libra (September 23–October 22)
No matter how hard you try, you cannot stop explaining yourself. Here's the truth: All those explanations are a snoozer. No matter how much you want to elaborate, it just bores people into a stupor. Brevity, Baby. Say less, and it will be the best thing you ever did for the people you want to impress.

Scorpio (October 23–November 21)
It was a drag having to go through what you did; it was no fun and just about everybody felt sorry for you. But stop singing the same ole tune like One Song Debby Boone. If you can pick up one foot and take a step in the next direction, you might just find your footing is fine. Everyone is pulling for you, Sugar.

Sagittarius (November 22–December 21)
You're feeling like the tossed-out drier sheet of life. A drier sheet makes the wash easier to fold and smell better; but does anybody ever sing the praises of the drier sheet? Well, Honey, ole Astrid will. Just remember how different it was before we had them; our underwear was full of static. Thanks to drier sheets, we are static free and fresher.

Capricorn (December 22–January 19)
How did that brave step feel last month? Glad you did it? I hope so, because you are one step closer to a grand journey that will be nearly invisible to those around you. Somebody wants something you have to give. If you can trust them, trust the universe, and even trust ole Astrid, I guarantee you will be all right.

Aquarius (January 20–February 18)
This new season has already brought some regrets; it made you regret that you offered something that came so cheaply. Let's just say it looked magnanimous on the outside but you know it was like re-gifting Grandma's dried-out fruitcake. Nobody really wanted it. You are sheepish because you have that much character. Now, make the sacrifice they really need and deserve, Sugar.

For years, Astrid Stellanova owned and operated Curl Up and Dye Beauty Salon in the boondocks of North Carolina until arthritic fingers and her popular astrological readings provoked a new career path.

The Bear Truth

By Clyde Edgerton

I recently read – in a newspaper, or magazine, or somewhere – this quote from a man who'd just killed a black bear weighing over 700 pounds: "I never thought I would kill one that big, but the Lord blessed me with a big one to take." (I didn't make that up.)

By happenstance, I'd just gotten a call from a bear friend inviting me to make a return trip to the Pender County branch of B.E.A.R., or Bear Elders Annual Retreat. My bear friend takes me every few years. Blindfolded as usual, I was transported to an undisclosed location in Pender County – about forty-five minutes north-northwest of Wilmington. (The convention is held just prior to hibernation each year.)

On arrival – a cold night in late January – after removing my blindfold, I saw some of my old bear friends. We laughed it up around a big bonfire in the woods, slapped each other on the back, and caught up on our families, etc., before we walked to the convention cabin situated, oh, maybe fifty yards from the bonfire. Some of my friends walked upright with me and others waddled on all fours to the meeting.

Inside: a big wood stove in the corner, benches, and a low stage. A honey bar stretched along the wall to my right.

The meeting started with the Pledge of Allegiance and a prayer. I remember this from the prayer: "Dear Lord, we know You wouldn't 'bless a human being with a big one of us to take.' We know You better than that. We know that You bless the world with us, and that you bless us with the world, a beautiful place for all God's creatures. And we know that 'take' means 'kill.' Thank you, dear Lord, for allowing us to also occasionally take a man. Yes, thank you for sometimes blessing us with a big one to take. In Jesus' name, Amen."

The speaker for the night was Barlow Ben Blackbear of Burgaw. The title of his speech? "Large Men We Have Taken."

It was an interesting talk. I got a little nervous with the gales of laughter about "the look on his face as he kept looking over his shoulder," etc., etc., but several bears wandering back and forth to the honey bar during the speech placed a warm paw on my shoulder, bent over, and whispered in my ear something like, "Hey Clyde buddy, don't fret. We know you are just under 200 pounds. And we know you've only taken quail, dove, and rabbits. Don't you fret, Boy."

The bears weigh their human trophies on certified scales in Newton Grove and they are mounted by area bear taxidermists. The world record is 341 pounds (1958). Only fourteen over 300 pounds have been taken, ah, killed.

After the speech there were lots of laughs and stories around the bonfire, very few growls. I have found bears to be gentle and easygoing, full of fun.

I put on my blindfold, climbed into my friend's SUV, and headed home to read-up on the Constitution – you know, the rights of animals, the rights of men and women, the rights of guns.

Clyde Edgerton is the author of ten novels, a memoir and a new work, Papadaddy's Book for New Fathers. *He is the Thomas S. Kenan III Distinguished Professor of Creative Writing at UNCW.*

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY BLAIR

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